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Editorial.

OCTOBER ON THE FARM.

Improvements.—No month in the year is so well adapted for making improvements on the farm as this; the cool bracing air gives the farmer strength and courage to enter upon new enterprises. This month is a good time to make a beginning in clearing land of stumps or rocks, and it is a good season of the year to build new roads or to repair old ones; any new building that may be required on the farm may be built this month to advantage, or additions made to old buildings. Any repairs required on buildings should be made before cold weather sets in. It is always best to commence this work in season to finish before winter arrives, for it is much cheaper and better to make repairs when the weather is moderate, than when it is very cold; but far too many put off repairs until the snow and cold weather drives them to it, when the cost of doing it will be twice as much as if done in moderate weather. The relaying of stable floors is often neglected until some animal breaks through and falls into the cellar, thus causing the loss of an animal worth several times as much as it would have cost to have laid a new floor, and it will still cost as much or more to lay it as it would to have laid it before any accident occurred.

Harvesting Fruit.—The apple crop in many portions of New England is large, and the fruit of many orchards is not of the first quality; such fruit will be of but little value on the trees, but it is good policy to gather it and make the best of it; what cannot be sold for paying prices can be fed out to stock when fully ripe. Apples of first quality should be handled with great care and packed in good clean barrels. In assorting, the second quality should always be rejected, for a dozen poor apples in a barrel of good ones will often lose the sale of them, unless sold at the price of second quality. Good apples well selected and packed always command a ready market at a fair price, but second quality apples must be sold at a very low price, except in seasons of scarcity. An orchard at the present time to be of much profit must be well cared for, and the trees kept vigorous, that the fruit may be large and fair. A neglected orchard affords but little if any profit to the owner.

Gathering leaves.—The farmer who is short of bedding material will improve his time this month in gathering the leaves as they fall from the trees that stand on the borders or in the centre of mowing fields; leaves that fall in such places should be gathered up, even if not wanted for bedding, because they are very injurious to the crop of grass the following year. When not wanted for bedding they should be composted with barn manure, mixing with it a little dry muck to prevent it from heating, and also to hold the ammonia. Leaves are rich in potash and make an excellent fertilizer when well composted but spread on the land before decomposed they are cold and sour, and lay so compact that the air does not readily penetrate them to change them to plant food.

Winter rye.—This crop is too much neglected by the farmers of New England, for it is really one of the most certain as well as the most profitable crops we grow. In many portions of this State the straw will sell for enough to pay the whole cost of the crop, leaving the grain as profit. Very few crops take so little from the land. By sowing in the autumn the land is kept covered with a crop during the entire winter season, and when the ground is free from frost and the weather is moderate it will grow, and thus is continually adding to the richness of the soil. The ground being covered during the cold season it is so protected that it loses nothing by the winds of winter. What is thus saved to the land, and what the growing crop gathers, almost equals what the crop takes from the soil, so a very light dressing of manure will keep the land up in good condition though a good crop of rye be taken off. Every farmer should try to get in a few acres of rye every year, and it is well to sow it as early in the month as possible, that it may cover the ground before winter sets in. Back from the seashore it is better to sow in September.

Swine.—Look closely after the fat hogs that are to be killed the last of November; they should be fed on good sweet food and principally upon corn meal, lightened up with shorts. Clear meal does not digest well it lays too compact in the stomach, and much of it passes off without doing much good. Fat hogs should not be fed on awill for at least two months before killing time if sweet pork is desired. Pigs that are to be kept over may be fed on apples, beets and shorts mixed with swill, if the swill is not too old, and does not contain pieces of raw pork. It is believed that disease is transmitted through raw diseased pork; many cases of hog cholera during the past year it is believed were caused by feeding raw pork in the swill which contained the germs of this disease.

Cutting Wood.—Fire wood for home use should be cut this month as it is worth much more than if cut later in the season. Gray birch cut in September and October is equal to maple cut in February and March, and will keep over summer quite as well. There is much less water in wood at this season than in February. The farmer should always try to cut his firewood and trees for timber in the autumn, it is so much better than if not cut until the last of winter. March and April are the two worst months to cut wood or timber if heat and durability are desired and September and October the two best months.

The Poultry Yard.—Look closely after late chicks or they will get chilled; they need good warm quarters with plenty of sunshine and also pure air if they are to be kept healthy. Laying hens must be well fed or they will stop laying just when eggs are bringing prices that secures a good profit. Feed a little fresh meat every day, let them come to fresh earth and give a variety of food and plenty of pure water that is warm when the weather is very cold.

GERMAN FARMING.

The systematic frugality and economic ways of the German farmer are brought to the attention of the American agriculturist in the recently published reports of the United States consuls in Germany on the agriculture of that country. The constant problem with the German farmer is to produce much on a small area. The government directly encourages agricultural and technical schools of a high order, and chemistry is more insisted on every year as an essential factor in farming. The report shows that the cultivation of small farms has shown the best average results. Two farms are instances to illustrate the working of the rule, one consisting of ten and the other of twenty acres, and lying side by side. The families occupying each farm were made up of three adults and four children. The owner of the ten acre farm got from it a comfortable subsistence for his family, and no more. The former worked with his hend as well as his hands, which was what made the difference.

An average first-class farm in Prussia, of nearly 150 acres, is estimated to be worth about $186 an acre, the cost value being $36,500, including buildings that cost $9,000. Of such a farm one-third is suffered to lie fallow. The average ninety-one acres under cultivation yield crops of rye, wheat, oats, potatoes, sugar beets, clover grass, garden produce and fruits, etc., valued at very nearly four thousand dollars. The average actual cost per bushel for producing wheat is 84 cents, rye 67 1-5 cents, oats 20 1-6 cents, potatoes 15 3-5 cents, and sugar beets the same as potatoes. The two last are claimed to yield the largest profit for production, assuming that the beets were fed to the stock of the producer and converted into meat, milk, butter, cheese and so forth.

The support of a farmer's family for a year, not reckoning wages, taking a family of nine persons, three of them children over fourteen years, cost, in a case that is reported, $7.4. The farmer in this case said that he had secured the best results from manure produced on his own farm. The food and bedding for the stock are selected expressly with reference to the quality of the manure produced and the properties desired in it. The rotation system takes the place of fertilizers, and is regarded as the basis of successful farming by progressive farmers. Farm hands work on an average twelve hours a day the year round,—thirteen hours in summer and eleven hours in winter. The highest wages do not amount to $120 a year with board. Prepared green food is given to milking cows in summer, made o r-etnrus of malt." bran, and flaxseed, cottonseed, and groundnut meal. Hay and ensilage are substituted in winter for green food.

One of the best class of farm laborers in Pussia earned yearly $228,48. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and five children, all their property consisting of the furniture in their little house, to which was attached three-quarters of an acre which they were at liberty to cultivate, and included in the rent. The entire yearly expenses of these seven persons was $226,13. Farming tools throughout Germany are rude and primitive, being of ill shape and heavy weight. What were discarded as farming tools in the United States a hundred years ago, are now all but universally used in Prussia and in the immediate neighborhood of the chief commercial cities and towns. Farm land is rented for terms running from nine to twelve years, the rent being paid every half year. German laborers are not nourished so well as English and much less so than Americans. Their food is principally bread, cheese, milk, potatoes coffee, and so forth. Every family kills from one to two hogs a year, and they raise also goats, chickens, and geese.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

The State Cattle Commissioners of Massachusetts have issued a circular calling attention to the facts contained in the laws of the Commonwealth relative to the suppression of contagious diseases among animals in the State. The circular, which has been sent to officials of all towns and cities, contains a full abstract of the laws, and in addition the following:

The recent death of a citizen of this State from the loathsome and fatal disease, glanders, contracted from a diseased horse alleged to have been surreptitiously removed from isolation; the too general negligence of horse-owners, veterinarians, and others in giving notice of the suspected existence of contagious diseases, and the lax or indifferent action of municipal officers in taking possession or control of animals within their jurisdiction suspected of being infected with contagion, makes it imperative that we call the attention of all good citizens to the statutes provided for the suppression of contagious among domestic animals, and that we issue and publish the following regulations for the guidance of the mayors and aldermen of the cities and the selectmen of the towns of the State.

The commissioners therefore do hereby order the mayors and aldermen of cities and the selectmen of towns in this Commonwealth, when notified of the existence of any contagious disease among any domestic animals in their respective cities or towns, or of animals suspected of being infected with such contagious or infectious disease, to isolate and securely hold such animals till they are released by order of the commissioners.

Horses suspected of having the disease known as glanders or farcy may only remain in the custody of their owners, and in the stalls or on the premises previously occupied by them, when, in the judgment of the mayor and aldermen or selectmen, such owners can be relied on with full confidence, and when such stalls or premises are deemed by the mayor aldermen or selectmen suitable places for holding such diseased or suspected animals till taken in charge by the commissioners.

☞ It is said that the shrinkage in value of butter handled in New York city during 1885 was nearly $2,000,000, partly on account of the bogus butter competition, but largely from the fact that many residents in the cities avoid being imposed upon by refusing to eat butter at all.

☞ Quince trees should be mulched as a protection against extreme heat and cold, as the roots are small and usually near the surface. The quince bears every year, but requires some care and may be pruned annually with advantage.

Questions & Answers.

☞ *All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the* PLOUGHMAN, *should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.*

ABOUT SUNFLOWERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you inform me through the *Ploughman* how to harvest Sunflowers? What time should they be cut? Should they be left in the field after cutting? How are they threshed, and what use can be made of the stalks? I have a large field of them, but do not know how to proceed when the time for harvesting comes. SUBSCRIBER.

Sunflowers should be gathered just before the seeds begin to drop, cut the heads off and leave the stalks standing in the field. This work should be done when the day promises to be fair, with a good drying wind. Let the heads lay in the sun until the middle of the afternoon, then house in an open shed and let them lay a few days until the seed will easily shell out; then in a good sunny day thresh the seed out with a flail, or shell by hand. The seed will drop out quite easily when properly dried, but when green it is slow work to shell it out. Care should be taken not to have the pile of heads so thick as to heat. When it is found that the under ones do not dry, the heap should be turned over; but if left in the field until well ripened, there will be little danger of heating. The stalks are of little value, except for mulching large trees; for this purpose they are very good.—[ED.

CAPONIZING.

There is one thing certain, and that is, that sooner or later the American poultry raiser will have to caponize his young cockerels, or no sale, and the sooner poultrymen and farmers realize this fact, the sooner and better they will be prepared to supply nice capons.

It costs very little now for a set of instruments to perform the work, and any caponizer can teach a person to perform the work perfectly in a very short time. By the time he begins on his sixth subject, he will go at it with perfect confidence in his own ability to perform the work quickly and properly. Let me here urge upon the reader who has never caponized, the importance of his learning to do so at once, as he is sure to double the value of every cockerel he has to sell for market. He need have no fear but that he will be succesful. If there was no other reason, the pecuniary results of caponizing should be sufficient to adopt the art at once, and by so doing, add largely to their yearly revenue, with adding but very little to their expenses.

Is not the fact that his cockerel will weigh eight or ten pounds when grown, after being caponized, and be worth from twenty-five to thirty cents a pound sufficient inducement for him to learn at least to use the knife in caponizing, to say nothing of the quality of the meat being vastly improved for his own eating, and avoiding the inconvenience of having a large lot of cockerels around to eat their heads off, and bother his pullets and hens, annoying everyone with their constant crowing, and fighting with each other? Not a good lively rooster between two cockerels causes each of them more pain than it would to caponize them half a dozen times, and how many fights do they have? So the performance of the act is not cruelty, but on the other hand prevents much cruelty of the most brutal kind, and causes the fowl to lead a quiet, peaceful life, leaving him to grow large and fat.

After being caponized, they are inclined to be very quiet in their disposition, are not running all over the farm, working their flesh off as fast as it can be put on, running after every hen they see, preventing her from attending to business, fighting with others until badly disfigured, disturbing the family by constant crowing from the sunrise to sunrise, and finally they have to be sold in the market for twelve or fifteen cents a pound, and weighing perhaps four or five pounds. Think this all over, and see if you do not conclude that it is best to do a little caponizing.

In performing the operation, three things are essential under all circumstances, and are as follows: First of all is to have the right kind of tools, and right here let me say that any set of instruments that is made with spoon nippers, intended to take away the testicles, should be discarded at once as being entirely unfit, and ill adapted for the work, and clumsy and cruel in their operation. This tool I consider the cause of more slips, pain and deaths, than any tool ever brought into use.

I notice that a writer in the Country Gentleman, which article has been extensively reprinted in other papers, says, in describing the operation, "that the testicles can be taken out with the finger and thumb." This is nonsense, and there are a dozen good reasons why it could never be done that way, any one of which would convince one of the absurdity of the idea. "Thumb and finger!" What does the man imagine he is doing? Does he realize the size of a thumb and finger? Does he realize that the work that is being performed is on a living creature weighing only two or three pounds? Let this man use his "thumb and finger" on his own fowl if he wants to, but let me say to you, get a tool properly made for the purpose, and use your "thumb and finger" in handling this tool. In many cases the intestines have to be pushed back a little with a tool made for that purpose, for the operator to be able to discover either testicles.

The cut in the side should be as small as possible, and only a very small incision is necessary for a practical caponizer to work in, but of course if he has got to get his "thumb and finger" into the middle of the fowl, he must cut the poor creature pretty well open. The next requisite is good light, and this anyone can secure any fair day, and by placing his bench or working table in the proper position. From nine in the morning until three in the afternoon is the best time, when the sun is overhead, and can be made to throw its light where needed. The next requisite is a proper kind of table or bench to work on, and this is also quite important. I have made a table after my own ideas that is very convenient for the work. It can be made by anyone in half an hour, and not cost twenty-five cents. In another article I will describe it, and the operation as I perform it in sufficiently plain language that all can understand.—[Corr. Poultry Monthly.

WINTER DAIRYING.

The practice of having cows to calve in autumn for winter butter-making, is growing in favor among shrewd, wide-awake dairymen. The average price of butter from October to May, is nearly double what the same product brings from May to September. This is the result of the scarcity of the article during the winter months, and the overplus during the summer. This scarcity is not so much due to the fact that it is more difficult to manufacture butter in the winter, as to the almost universal custom of having the cows calve in the spring, so that they give but little milk during the winter. For butter making in cold weather to be profitable, it is essential that the cows be well fed and housed, and that there be facilities for keeping the cream at a uniform temperature of from fifty-five to sixty-five degrees. When these essentials exist, it will be found that winter butter making is not only profitable, but the yield and quality will be but a little inferior to the best June product. On the farm where a considerable number of cows are kept, it will be found quite a relief to have the heavy dairy work come at a season of the year when there is little doing upon the farm, instead of it the time when every moment is needed in the field or in the kitchen. Where the cows are in good warm stables, milking in the winter is not so disagreeable a task as one might suppose, and if the milk-house is kept at the proper temperature the work will not be more irksome than in summer. The butter is more easily handled and kept in good condition at this season, and greater care can be paid both to manufacturing and marketing. It costs something to construct a dairy house suitable for winter butter making, but it will be found to pay amply. One constructed with concrete walls (process recently described in Prairie Farmer), will be found cheap and durable, and probably the best that can be made, as such walls are impervious to frost and moisture. The building may be partly under ground, but must have good ventilation. Cows require more feed, when giving abundant milk, than when dry, or nearly so, and it will be found that it will pay to feed pretty heavily of grain. The cows, however, will have the advantage of beginning the winter season in good condition, as they will have laid on more flesh in pasture than if they had been giving milk. —[Prairie Farmer.

The Horse.

FAISING HORSES ON GRAIN FARMS.

BY PROF. I. P. ROBERTS, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Hot and dry; the land is hard, the horses' shoulders are sore and this 25th day of August finds much work yet to be done on the wheat ground if it is fined and compacted as it should be. But it will not be; neither will much of the ground be ploughed as deeply and as early as it should be, because the horse power of the farm is deficient. Last spring in this locality much of the corn did not germinate because the ground was dry and cloddy at late planting time. Those who had an extra team of mares or colts ploughed and thoroughly fined the ground before the spring drouth came and had no trouble to get the corn up and to keep it clean and growing slowly at least till the rains came on July 10, which assured a bountiful yield to those who had planned wisely and executed promptly. There was still more need of ample horse power when the spring work was delayed by heavy rains. I judge nine-tenths of all the farmers who occupy the heavy wheat lands have either too few, too small or unproductive horses.

To make clear how I would remedy this we will take for example a farm which, according to present methods, requires four able mature horses, and upon which the farmer imagines he can not afford to keep any more. To get started suppose we change one of the four horses to a span of common or mixed blooded brood mares and two 3-year-old fillies or geldings, paying the difference by note or money. The mares should be bred so as to drop their colts in late fall or early winter. The team of 3-year-olds is broken in at least a little to light work. In four years one span of horses will have been sold and, if fairly successful and no other sales have been made, there will be on the farm, allowing for a loss of 25 per cent. of the increase, four brood mares, three 4-year-old, three 3-year-old, three 2-year-olds and three yearlings, or the equivalent of these. In some groups there may be four and in some but two, in all twelve colts, three of which will be able to do nearly full work and three more able to do fully half a mature horse's work. Now, when the rush of work comes there are the equivalent of four good teams available. And this is just the time when the loss should be light that coat and cuffs and follow the old mares if he can't keep up with colts, for every day's work added to the cultivation and every day's work in the right time instead of the wrong time always means full pay and frequently $10 to $20 per day for these few additional day's work. There are many fields of corn in this locality which had they been ploughed two weeks earlier would have produced enough more corn to have paid the entire cost of fitting the ground ready for planting, and the same will be true of many fields of wheat that will be sowed this fall. The kind of horse power I have described is under most circumstances constantly increasing in value. The tested and approved brood mare is worth twice as much at 10 as she was when untried at 4 years of age.

The half-blood steer unfattened at 3 years will weigh 1100 pounds and can be sold for $44. The half-blood French colt at the same age unbroken and ungrained will weigh 1000 pounds and can be sold for $150. The steer at 4, after he has eaten from forty to fifty bushels of grain, will weigh 1500 pounds and will bring $82 50 at the farm. The colt will earn all he eats after he is 3 years old, and at 4 years will weight 1300 pounds and sell for $250. From this deduct $20 for cost of service and it will appear that while your cattle brought four cents your horse brought thirteen cents per pound; fat cattle, five and one-half cents; your would horse, with board bill paid, eighteen cents per pound. These are no fancy figures, but those reached by us on the University farm. Our experience in the rearing of fall or winter colts proves that it is no more difficult, in fact less so, than to raise them in warm weather. If one has learned how to keep a cow warm and make and give milk in the winter, then he knows how to make colts grow in cold weather.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE STALLION.

In answer to a correspondent who inquires about the treatment of the young stallion, we would say that the colt should be treated kindly but firmly, and should not be put to service until three years old. His disposition to be vicious may be overcome by such treatment as we have often advised. It is very important that the colt should be brought on familiar terms with his master. He should be petted and talked to, but at the same time should be given to understand that the man is master. Thousands of colts are spoiled by rough, injudicious handling. A man who has not perfect command of himself should hardly look at a colt, much less have the handling of him in order to great deal of the training of colts is simple tyranny and it will not work. The colt needs teaching; it needs to be led and not driven; and when we see what professional horse trainers can do with vicious horses, and see that what they do accomplish is nothing more or less than the clear results of education, we ought to learn how to handle the colt. Abuse of a colt that is intended for a stallion may not only ruin the disposition of the animal, but it may injure him as a foal getter, for the tendency of abuse is to injure the vital forces of the horse. A stallion must be in perfect health to insure efficiency, and ought to be of a quiet, kindly disposition. The way to maintain the vigor of the stallion is to keep it in health. There is no other proper way to do it. Stimulants are not to be recommended. They are only temporary in effect and always produce more or less of reaction. From time to time we are inquired of for remedies for impotency in the stallion. The remedy is to build up the general health and strength. Very often we find that the animal is too fat, and needs more of the bone and muscle forming foods. A few months ago a correspondent wrote us concerning impotency in his stallion. Upon inquiry we found that the animal had been kept pretty nearly as fat as a hog ready for market, during most of its life. His owner had made a corn crib of it. We advised him to feed oats, bran, and oil meal, and at last accounts the animal was doing well. Feed the bone and muscle forming foods, and give plenty of exercise.

Do not over-tax the young horse. He should gradually be accustomed to the service required of him. The first season it is better not to attempt to have him sire more than fifteen colts; twenty-five should be all the second season, and when fully matured the number for the whole year may be set at a hundred. These numbers refer to the number of services.—[Western Rural.

CATTLE OUTLOOK IN NEVADA AND ELSEWHERE.

A Reno Gazette reporter has had an interesting interview with J. T. Davis, of Texas, a gentleman of great experience and wide information, on the subject of the supply and the prospects for the cattle market. He reports prices for range cattle in Texas to be very low on account of the scarcity of feed, produced by drouth in the last two years. Good range cattle are the lowest they have been for years, and although there have been big "die-ups," he looks for heavy losses this winter. Feed is very scarce now, and there is no hope or chance for any until it is brought up by the spring rains. Before that a great many will be gone. There is no way to fatten steers for market, so that Texas will furnish very little beef this fall.

As to future prices, Mr. Davis thinks that the next few years will see beef bringing the highest figures ever reached in this country. The death rate is heaviest among female cattle and yearlings, and heavy losses will make the calf crop short for some years, and in addition to that, cattlemen have spayed and sold a great many cows to butchers and to canners when they were not in condition to bring any price at all. The same thing applies in less degree to Colorado, Nevada and Wyoming. Feed is scarce on some of the best ranges in Central and Eastern Nevada, and with even such a winter as last, the loss will be heavy. The most intelligent cattlemen are preparing to relieve their ranges as much as possible. Scott & Co. have sent large drafts of cattle north. Russell & Bradley sold about a quarter of a million dollars worth, and Sparks & Tinnin are selling 5000 head of yearlings and two-year-olds, besides their regular beef shipment. They are also shipping to their Cheyenne range all the two-year-old heifers they have room for there. For these reasons men like Mr. Davis confidently expect to see beef scarce and high for several years to come.

The reporter asked Mr. Davis' opinion of Nevada from a cattleman's standpoint. He expressed it freely as his unqualified opinion that Nevada was almost the safest part of this continent for cattle. Nowhere is the loss by drouth or disease so little. There seems to be a certainty of snow in the mountains even in the worst years, so there are no such "die-ups" as there are in other countries by drouth. Texas sometimes goes through without a drop of rain on the range lands. Nevada escapes the northern winters by having grease wood, willows, sagebrush and other bushes for cattle to browse on when the grass is snowed under for a week, which often happens in Wyoming. There may be a little poison among the weeds, but not much, and excepting a little black leg, Nevada seems to be almost absolutely free from disease, and with the high altitude, pure, bracing air and excellent water, such plagues as pleuro pneumonia, Texas fever, etc., have no terrors for the cow-man. The increase seems to be certain, and the loss in young calves very light. The country, however, seems to be adapted to small ranges. From 5000 to 10,000 head of cattle seem to be about the limit that the ranges can safely support. Many of these, of course, but they divide them up and keep them on separate ranges. Sparks & Tinnin have five or six separate outfits for their 100,000 head, and the same with others who carry 20,000 to 25,000 head.

Mr. Davis thinks Texas is an easier country to handle cattle in. With the exceptions of the precipices 400 feet high that line the break off the table-lands from the plains it is very level and the round-up is much lighter work than it is among the broken mountains of Nevada. These same mountains, however, are forever secure to the cattle or sheep men because they can never be made into farms, while the Texas country will sooner or later be farming lands. With trees and crops being cultivated, rains will be heavier and the necessities of population will press people out on to the dry lands. It is easier and cheaper to raise cattle in Texas, also, because no one puts up hay as they do in Nevada. It is cheaper while there is feed, but when a drouth comes there is heavier loss; but even to fatten beef for the butcher, or wean a calf, there is no feed like it. The grass there is different, too. The mesquite is like alfileria; it grows low and spreads out flat. It is fine feed for stock. Gramma grass grows like Nevada bunch grass and is a seed grass. Nevada cattle are larger and have better blood than Texas herds. For this reason is, the climate is better. A higher altitude than that of Texas is better for beef. But one great reason is, the Nevada man has imported full-blooded sires, while his Texas neighbor has used half-breeds. This is now seen to be a great mistake. Mr. Davis is delighted with Nevada in many respects and with her people in every respect.

CARE OF ORCHARDS.

Many farmers labor under the delusion that all they have to do in order to secure their fruit is simply to go into the orchard and gather the fruit, when there is any. It is true some little attention is given to pruning the trees, but in most instances none whatever is given to feeding them. Why this delusions should be indulged in we cannot see, as the amount of matter carried from the trees ought at once to impress us with the idea that the ground must be fed in order to properly stand the strain and keep up the supply of fruit and not only the supply but the quality. In a great number of cases the quality of the fruit could be vastly improved by a liberal application of maure, as it is just about as reasonable to expect a tree growing in worn-out land to bear fine fruit as it would to expect a liberal crop of corn from land in like condition. Little, knotty and unsightly fruit is generally the result of poverty in the soil, and means should be taken at once to remedy the defect.

A great many orchards throughout the country bear only every other year, and we are not aware of any reason for this except that the trees have not strength to bear every year, and take an off year to recuperate. A liberal supply of manure would cause the trees to bear every year and thus double the income from that source.

It is urged by some of the best farmers that it pays far better to pasture hogs and sheep in the orchard than to grow any kind of crop. In the first place the crops impoverish the soil, thus taking away from the trees their proper nourishment and then the roots which spread like a net work over the ground are greatly injured by the passage of the plow among them. But there is another and a most important reason why the orchard should be pastured by small stock—cattle and horses reach up and tear down the limbs—and that is the consumption of the fallen fruit. A great deal of the diseases of the fruit can be traced to the myriads of insects which germinate in the decaying fruit and then crawl up the trees and destroy both leaves and fruit. The wormy, scabby fruit seen in so many orchards is, of course, the result of insect depredations and owing in no small measure to the insects bred in the fallen fruit. Now, were sheep and swine kept in the orchards the fruit would be eaten as rapidly as it falls and before decay would be possible.

All dead limbs should be at once removed and there should not be an hour's delay in at once and thoroughly destroying every caterpillar's nest. The most effectual way to do this is to burn them, especial care being taken that none of the insects escape.—[Washington Tribune.

Stock Department.

LAWS OF STOCK BREEDING.

WM. HOUSMAN, ENGLAND.

Whatever may be the national laws governing the results of consanguineous pairings, one fact is constantly obvious to those who study the question of interbreeding blood-relations, and of the constitutional conditions of the offspring; that is, the contradictory character of the evidence brought out under varying circumstances. A herd of deer or of wild cattle in an English park, a herd of bisons upon an American prairie, can go on apparently without limit, generation after generation, unguarded against recurrences of very closest relationship between parents; in some cases the numbers of the breeding animals being so small, and the area of their range so effectively fenced, that inbreeding, repeated and often close in-breeding, becomes a necessity of their confined existence. Again, a single pair is taken into some country where the species to which it belongs has been previously unknown, and from that pair, alone, proceed millions of descendants; yet health, vigour, reproductive powers, and size are maintained in those descendants, as in the wild herds of the enclosures or of the open plains. Under some directions, therefore, and those not necessarily conditions of perfect freedom, that evil word-term "blood" seems to have within itself the power of indefinitely lasting and unimpaired reproduction. If we more closely examine the conditions, we shall find, perhaps, that they are those which most severely try the powers of endurance and resistance, the strength to bear hardship and to overcome its tendency. The tendency of hardship is to wear out and destroy, and weak constitution must eventually yield under the severity of the trial; so that, if we find survivors, we find animals of sound, hardy, unyielding constitution, and it is just this kind of constitution that can bear in-breeding. If there is any delicacy whatever, in-breeding (that is, close in-breeding, and not more certainly repeated in-breeding) will be likely to perpetuate and increase it, and if there is any taint of hereditary disease, in-breeding is almost sure to intensify that taint and bring it into manifest working upon the animal's health —either its general health or the health of some particular of its organism. These are not hypothetical notions out of the air. The results here described are commonly under the notice of those who get their knowledge from watching the living animals not less than from books; and their observations also generally confirm the belief that where constitution is strong enough to resist climatic severities the evils usually attributed to inbreeding do not appear. Under domestication, and especially under systems of breeding for improved usefulness, there is the wild animal. This sacrifice does not consequently imply an introduction of disease. Comparatively lesser power of endurance is not disease. An animal may be free from all constitutional taint, and yet not fitted for a life of exposure and self-dependence. As we improve upon nature (the alteration is improvement when we make the animal better qualified to supply our wants), we are not satisfied with mere power to live in a war against life. We take the animal out of the conflict, shelter it, provide its food, and do a great many other things, which make it much less hardy than its wild ancestors, but much more apt to develop the properties we require. In the Shorthorn we have great size, early maturity, wealth of flesh, and abundance of milk, all (in examples of the most advanced improvement) wonderfully balanced and combined, but gained, unquestionably, at the cost of some proportion of that rude strength which belonged to the ancestors in the time when certain death removed all the weaklings of each generation before they were of age to become breeders and housing, with rich and plentiful food, had not altered the constitution suitably to conditions of larger and more rapid development. The conditions being wholly changed by domestication, rules applicable to the former conditions no longer hold good. In-breeding may, perhaps does, under the new conditions, help to hasten the developments desired; but to the extent that it does this it removes the powers originally necessary to existence; leaving the animal, as generation succeeds generation, ever more and more dependent upon man's care and skilful management. Hence the commonly felt difficulty of breeding animals of the best quality continuously with success, and the necessity of caution in attempting to apply to the breeding of highly improved stock the same rules which work well under natural conditions.—[Bell's Weekly Messenger.

PROPER AMOUNT OF STOCK.

In these days of advanced agriculture the importance of fully stocking the farm is well understood. But in many cases there is the extreme of too heavily stocking. The profit of meat production, when there is any profit from anything on the farm, naturally leads to the desire to keep all the stock the farm will carry. But it is much better to have less than more than the farm can take care of, a fact that is well known. Yet the fact remains that some farms are overstocked, and the drouth of this summer has been the means of showing the mistake in many instances. Whatever stock is kept should be kept in good condition. It ought not to be permitted to lose anything either in summer or winter. We have gone over this ground the unprofitableness of such loss so many times that we do not deem it necessary to repeat here what we have before said. But we do wish to impress upon everybody's mind that there are just one of two courses to pursue when grass fails in summer or hay and grain run short in winter: either sell off the stock down to the number that can be well kept or buy feed; and in summer time when, in consequence of drouth or from other causes the pastures are short, supplementary feeding is not only required for the good of the stock, but it is required for the good of the pastures.

A writer says that experience has taught him that in order to secure the most profit, not only from the stock, but from the farm, a steady gain must be secured. Every day we fail to do this must be made up in the future, and is an indirect loss. The surest way of securing and maintaining a good growth every day is to furnish plenty of feed, and this must be done every day: be cause during the latter part of the spring or early summer, while the season is favorable, so that the grasses in the pastures make a rapid growth, and are thereby enabled to furnish a full supply of feed so that the stock improves often very rapidly, is no reason why they can be stinted at any date during the summer when a dry spell of weather sets in. Yet this plan is often followed on many farms.

A sufficient number of stock is kept so that the pasture grass is cut down even during the best portion of the season, and they are obliged to live the best they can at any time that the feed in the pasture becomes short. There is no economy in this; we are losing considerably more by allowing the stock to lose flesh or even fail to make a good growth than by keeping a smaller number of stock, even if there is a portion of the grass in the pasture that is not kept down close. Then before the stock can be marketed advantageously, what they have lost must be made up, requiring much more extra feed; that of course must come from other portions of the farm. Where the soil is very rich, dry weather does not effect the growth near so much as in lighter, thinner soil, and of course a larger number of stock can be carried proportionately than on poorer land.—[Western Rural.

Correspondence.

"ENSILAGE" AND THE PRODUCTION OF BEEF.

Important Correspondence from North Carolina and Virginia.

[Letters to Edward Atkinson, Esq.]

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:—

In pursuance of the Beef Question,—

We have become so apt to look to the West as the land of agricultural abundance that we overlook the facts that the best and most profitable farming is in the far East.

I have made no comparison of the data of the census of 1880, but in 1870 the five counties which stood at the head in the value of their agricultural products were in the East, and not until the sixth did we reach the West. I recall Lancaster Co., Pa., as number one. I think St. Lawrence County, N. Y., was number two; Worcester County, Mass., number three; then followed a county in Connecticut and a county in New Jersey; sixth a county in Michigan.

With the exception of St. Lawrence County the area of those named did not vary materially. St. Lawrence County is a very large county, mainly devoted to grazing.

We may turn our attention to the South.

What Henry A. Wise said of Virginia in the old days, that "the niggers skinned the land and the white men skinned the niggers," has ceased to be true, and we may look for great products to the mountain and valley section of the Southern Atlantic States as well as to the Piedmont section of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies and the Cumberland plateau on the West.

I enclose two valuable letters which you are at liberty to print if you find it desirable to do so,—one from North Carolina and one from the south-western corner of Virginia. They speak for themselves and will prove to your readers what kind of farming is beginning to take possession of these lands.

Yours very truly, EDWARD ATKINSON.

Boston, Mass., 1886.

From North Carolina.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your favor I will reply to your questions as asked.

Reply to first question, as to the cost of ensilage. I make corn ensilage from the stalks and blades after the corn is ripe or nearly enough for roasting ears without injury to the ears. I put these stalks, blades on them, into the silo, cut into three-quarter inch lengths, for fifty cents per ton. This only includes the cost of cutting and elevating the stalks from the field, cutting, putting into the silo, and weighting. The stalks left in the field, as is customary in the South, are considered valueless either as stock food or as manure. It is however customary to pull the blades and dry them for fodder, which barely pays the cost of doing so; but as these are left on the stalks and go into the ensilage, I estimate them at fifty cents additional cost for each ton, making the entire cost one dollar per ton. If the stalks and blades are put into the silo without being cut, the cost will be reduced to seventy-five cents per ton. I am of the opinion that the stalks and blades at this period of their growth are more valuable for ensilage than at any other.

Second.—How many tons will carry a steer for one year for green fodder?

Reply.—I have never made any experiments to ascertain the quantity required. I should judge one ton a month for two-year-old animals sufficient.

Third.—What do you feed with the green fodder?

Reply.—When feeding on corn ensilage I give my milk cows half a gallon of corn meal or wheat bran night and morning. I give no other grain forage. I generally fatten the few young steers I have before they are two years old, and feed them about as I do the milk cows.

4th.—At what cost can you make a steer ready for the butcher, at twenty months old, and what average weight?

For want of experience I feel unable to answer this question. But from the very low cost of ensilage, as above stated, they can be raised at a *very low price.* I feed neat cattle only four or five months in the winter, which they are fitted for by the balance of the time. I think, however, with our great capacity for raising ensilage that it would be economy to feed and not turn to pasture except to very young animals.

The growing of cotton has ceased to be profitable in North Carolina; and I have been trying to interest our people in dairying and stock. I have stated as my belief that the stalks from every five bushels of corn will make one ton of ensilage. I find that Mr. Farlie's statement very nearly coincides with my own, and which can be accounted for by the fact that corn makes more stalks and blades South than North.

From the last census we find that North Carolina produced 28,000,000 bushels of corn and 93,000 tons of hay. One ton of ensilage for each five bushels of corn gives 5,600,000 tons of ensilage. Suppose only one half this amount could be possible could, through the silo, be converted into beef and butter, we would be put in the front rank of states for producing these articles. Should we arrive at this condition the increased stock that would be required, and the manurial advantages to be derived therefrom would double the production of these articles. I can make peavine ensilage for $1.50 per ton; and if the ripe peas are entangled with vines, we have, in my opinion a perfect food, with which no other grain need be fed.

I now find these make just as good ensilage put in silo without cutting, thereby reducing the cost very materially.

Very truly yours, C. W. GARRITT.

Halifax County, North Carolina, 1886.

From Virginia.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor of the 2nd instant, and also to thank you for the *Massachusetts Ploughman.* I have been very much interested in reading the discussion on the subject of the Production of Beef in New England and the East, and have long been of the opinion that it could be produced to better advantage and with better profit in the East than it could in the West, taking the price which it could be sold for, quality, etc., into consideration; and that it only needed the same kind of "brain and capital" that is engaged in the manufacture of cotton to demonstrate the fact.

In reply to your questions, I am like most farmers. I do not keep my accounts enough in detail to enable me to say accurately what any one product co-ts: the farm that I have has 10,500 acres, about one-half in grass and cultivation. I made a crop of tobacco last year of 60 100 pounds; I keep 500 sheep, 150 horses (mainly Clydesdale's) and about 600 head of cattle, of which 45 are registered Shorthorns, being the largest herd of registered Shorthorns in the world

State law as the bill that was passed by Congress puts the burden of proof upon the dealer who is charged with a violation of the law.

The power placed with the revenue officials is quite large, and they are not required to prove that the article is an imitation or resembles butter except so far as the mixture of beef fat-tallow, suet and other substances is concerned, and the dealer who is aggrieved at the decision can seek redress by an appeal to the commissioner of internal revenue, who is provided with a board of experts whose business it is to determine the ingredients and decide in disputed cases.

The effect of the law doubtless will be to reduce the consumption of this article, and perhaps it will drive it from the market. There are hundreds of retailers in this city, as also many wholesalers, whose margin of profits on their sales of imitation butter are not large enough to warrant their paying of the tax. While the effect upon the manufacturers cannot be estimated, there will doubtless be some combined move made to test the constitutionality of the law, and they may base their point on the double tax which the law places on oleo oil and oleomargarine. —[Traveller.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1886.

Our Patrons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

OCTOBER.

The experience of all is that this month is the ripest, rarest, and most thoroughly enjoyable of any in the year. There is not one of the twelve that runs its brief course with such an atmospheric evenness, that offers such a gorgeous show of sylvan colors, or that tranquilizes the spirits to such harmony with all surrounding objects. If the mornings are crisp and the evenings cool, the noons are of a moderate warmth that, in connection with the rarefied atmosphere and the deep blue of the skies, makes them delightful beyond description. October is in all respects a royal month, and the one to pass among country scenes in the enticing solitudes of Nature. The spirits are composed to a dreamy reflectiveness, and it becomes a pleasure to simply live. The effort of labor seems not to be needed to supply the fullest demands of satisfying existence.

This month is the one for hunters and those who are addicted to wood craft. The children are out under the tall chestnuts hunting among the fallen leaves for the daily dropping harvest of brown nuts. Boys are setting snares to trap partridges, rabbits, and squirrels. The farmers are gathering apples in the orchards, and cutting and husking corn, and loading up wagons in the field with yellow pumpkins. Dogs run all but wild across the pastures, in pursuit of the hated woodchuck. Around the barns and sheds and yards there is unusual bustle preparatory to the approach of cold weather and snow-bound winter. The work going on is suggestive of indoor comforts, snug shelter, blazing fires, good cheer, and long nights with stars sparkling overhead. All the outdoor activities of the month are such as seem to belong to the closing of the year's labors and the shutting up of the farm workshop to the world. But while it lasts, October is rich in enjoyments of many kinds. It is the only month when one feels wholly in harmony with all things around him; the only month when the senses seem to receive tranquilizing influences, and the spirits are attuned to placid pleasures. Let it be made much of in the passing, for thus the heart becomes enriched with a fresh memory of enjoyments that will not fail to warm it when the chilling winter makes all the world look bleak and desolate

A NEW VOLUME.

The present issue of the *Ploughman* begins Volume Forty-Six, indicative of a mature age for a newspaper, and particularly an agricultural newspaper, in these days of change. The Ploughman is one of the oldest of the agricultural papers of the country, and with the opening of a new volume, and one closely approaching the one that will mark a half-century of existence, refer with solid satisfaction to its established character and prolonged career, and feel that they may rightfully lay claim to the continued confidence of the agricultural community and the general public. There is happily no need for them to enter upon a recital of what the *Ploughman* has been and has done in its uninterrupted career of forty-five years. And accepting its past as the best pledge for its future, there is as little need to indulge in any formal announcement in respect to its course hereafter. If a high reputation fairly earned entitles a journal to any special exemption, it is exemption from promises which it is universally understood it will perform without being called to make them.

It has been from the beginning the instinctive aim of the *Ploughman*, while allowing no topic of current interest in agricultural life to escape its attention, to treat them all in a thorough and practical manner, and obediently to the spirit of progress that marks the agricultural life of our time It deals with the new ideas and theories in a hospitable temper, yet carefully refraining from committing itself to what is untried and thus unproved. Especially scrupulous is it, as its extended circle of readers will freely testify, to treat prominent men and measures in the State with respect and courtesy, never affronting the former with comments that would justly provoke personal resentment if uttered in private, nor belittling the latter by alluding to them in terms of conceited contempt. It maintains an evenly elevated tone in all its criticisms of others, and scorns to attempt the indirect, but not less effective, degradation of any one by flippantly or even familiarly decrying a project or a measure with which he is known to be associated. In fine, the *Ploughman* is eve royal to the best men and the true interests of the Commonwealth.

The pens that have for years been employed in its columns for the instruction and stimulation of the farming community will continue their efficient service in the noble cause in which they are enlisted. The future will develop new enterprise in its general management and increasing liberality in its expenditure. All that is freshest and fullest of promise in agricultural progress will be promptly reported and intelligently discussed. Every department of farm industry will continue to receive the careful attention of its conductors. Special interests in farming, like that of the dairy and poultry-yard, as likewise that of live-stock and fertilizers, will find in the columns of the *Ploughman* constant proof of its intelligent devotion. Nor will the necessary notice of current events of interest and importance be wanting in any of its weekly issues. And it may also be depended upon as a welcome guest in the family circle. With feelings of sincere gratitude its publishers indulge in this brief interview with the *Ploughman's* readers and supporters, and hope for their continued appreciation and patronage for a future that shall extend through many years.

THE NEW FISHING TREATY.

The British Foreign Office is reported to have submitted to the Canadian Government for its consideration a treaty that should close up the long-standing fisheries dispute by proposing reciprocal trade with the United States. So far as understood, it gives our fishermen the right to " take fish of any kind excepting shell fish on the coasts and shores, as well as in the bays, harbors, and creeks of Canada," while, on the other hand, it admits free of duty into the United States fish of all kinds, fresh or salted. This is not what New England fishermen either want or would be satisfied with.

If, as is no doubt the case, the British Government has suggested a reciprocity treaty, there is no chance for it to find favor with the fishermen of Gloucester and Portland. It is not such an arrangement as would suit them. They realize that it would be exchanging their own valuable home-markets for the Canadian inshore fisheries, which would be a trade altogether one-sided. They demand simply the recognition of their commercial rights in Canadian ports which were granted by acts of Parliament. As the Canadian authorities are now proceeding, American vessels are seized for simply attempting to buy the bait they need for the prosecution of their business. This is the only point in dispute at the present. Reciprocity is another matter.

THE BAY STATE FAIR.

The arrangements are all concluded for the opening of the first fair of the Bay State Agricultural Society on Tuesday next, October 5th, in the Massachusetts Mechanic Association Building, on Huntington Avenue, Boston. The exhibition will continue four days. Some of the most prominent breeders of horses will exhibit horses, and among the latter are to be included some of the most famous individuals. The horse show will constitute a brilliant feature of the general exhibition. The entries of cattle of the pure-blood breeds are very numerous, and all are first-class,—Hereforda, Shorthorns, Devons, Ayrshires, Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins and Swiss. Coarse wooled sheep will be exhibited and fine wooled sheep and wine will be exhibited in large numbers.

IMPLEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Each successive New England agricultural fair impresses the public with a new sense of the increasing necessity and value of machinery in the practical pursuit of agriculture. No truly progressive farmer would dare to assert that he is able to work his land to a tangible and visible profit without its most effective agency. Modern invention is rapidly revolutionizing the methods of farming, as it is those of every other recognized industry. The implements used by American farmers a century and less ago are still to be seen in the hands of those who cultivate the soil in the neighborhood of Berlin and other cities and towns of Prussia, but they have long since been discarded at home, and their places supplied by improvements and inventions that greatly increase the efficiency of labor and thus relieve the laborer of a large part of his heavy task. Modern farming implements and machinery tend to lift the farmer's life from the lower level of unrelieved drudgery, and to encourage and inspire it with hopes that never would dawn upon the mind of the old-time tiller of the soil under all the conditions of climate and locality,

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA .

This dread disease among cattle is working havoc in the Chicago cattle-yards, although the Bureau of Agriculture is doing all in its power to check the outbreak. The sale of any exposed cattle has been forbidden by the Department, as the law of Congress provides. The quarantine has been strengthened, and the Department is to send some of its most experienced veterinaries to Chicago to co-operate with the State authorities in stamping out the disease. Commissioner Colman has prepared and sent to the Governors of States and Territories a series of rules and regulations for co-operative action between the Agricultural Department and State or Territorial authorities wherever the disease may break out There is much apprehension in the Northwest over the spread of the disease, and shippers of beeves to the East as well as dealers here are in a state of uncertainty about the future of the market in consequence of the outbreak at Chicago. Canada, too, refuses absolutely to permit the importation of cattle from eleven English counties, because of the prevalence of the disease in them. The restrictions cannot be too rigidly enforced that contend to its conquest. No cost is too great that has for its object the safety of the immense live-stock interests of the country.

What gives so much more seriousness to the situation is the acknowledged fact that Chicago is the centre of the immense cattle and beef trade of the country. That city has been pronounced by the president of the International Range Association the world's great market for this important industry. It collects the products of the great stock-farms of the West, and distributes them, in the form of live cattle and dressed meat, over the entire eastern part of the country and at an increasing rate in Europe. Hence infection at this point means the practical demoralization, for the time, of the entire beef trade of the country, the export trade in beef included. The Western markets at once become paralyzed by the cessation of demand on the part of the Eastern.. Unless consumers feel perfectly satisfied of the freedom of the meat they buy from every possibility of infection, they will let it severely alone. The cattle trade would just as effectually be brought to an end in this way as by the ravages of disease itself. The plague is reported to have made its appearance in the neighborhood of Akron, O., Freehold, N. J., and in Montgomery County, Penn. Similar reports come from Dakota, the originating cause being the shipment of a carload of cattle from Chicago. The Commission of Agriculture is advised, at the time of writing this, that the quarantine at Chicago is now considered perfectly safe. An early and thorough inspection of certain districts in the vicinity will be made.

ESSEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The day appointed for the opening of the Essex County Agricultural Fair was unhappily a day of storm, and the opening was postponed to the next day, Wednesday, the fair continuing for two days according to the programme. The attendance on both Wednesday and Thursday was large, as it invariably is on the annual exhibitions of this old and ever prosperous Society. The collection of choice animals was a fine one, though more propitious weather would have largely increased the number. The show of vegetables and fruits was especially good as well as unusually large. It is every year one of the most attractive features of the Essex County Society's exhibition, but this year it was particularly brilliant and attractive, and so was it pronounced to be by the regular attendants. The exercises consisted of prayer, singing, and a set address in the old First Parish Church, the latter being made by Rev. J. D. Kingsbury of Bradford. It was an effort of singular merit, and instructed and charmed all who heard it by its originality both of conception and treatment. Perhaps it might be pronounced a leading feature of the occasion, which it was universally felt to be at the time. After the exercises in the church an adjournment was made to a bountifully spread board in a spacious hall near by, at which some 300 persons sat down, President Benjamin P. Ware presiding; the usual speaking was indulged in afterwards. An eloquent address of welcome was made by His Honor Mayor Dame of Newburyport. Short addresses were also made by A. C. Varnum, Esq., delegate from the State Board, and Hon. Geo. B. Loring, all of whom spoke in the highest praise of the exhibition. It was an additional pleasure to ride over the roads and highways of Old Newbury after the lapse of many years, to view the old houses of the original emigrants from England that are many of them still standing as worthy memorials of truly heroic times in our history, and to indulge in the revival of feelings which the sight of the tranquil landscape awakened.

DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES G. GREENE.

Col. Greene, the founder of the Boston Post, died at his residence in Commonwealth Hotel, in this city, on Monday morning, in his 83d year. He had been failing physically for some time, his spirits never having supported him as they were wont to do since the death of his wife not long after the celebration of their golden wedding. The striking figure of Col. Greene was a familiar one in Boston, and during the whole of his active life he was identified with the welfare of the city as well as with the Democratic party of the State and nation. He was a man of marked geniality of manner, and therefore one of the most companionable. As an editor and manager, he belonged to the days that are departed never to return. Journalism in his time was not the complicated profession it has become since news has been collected instantaneously, as it were, from all parts of the country and all quarters of the globe, and distributed for publication with [illegible] parties conducted on the old basis, when a newspaper was obliged to be the steady advocate and defender of one or the other. But Col. Greene left a deep impress on his day and generation.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES AMONG CATTLE.

The State Cattle Commission issues a circular to the mayors and aldermen of the cities and the selectmen of the towns of Massachusetts, with a view to the enforcement of a better observance of the laws relating to the suppression of contagious diseases among domestic animals in the State. It calls their attention to the statutes requiring notice of any contagious disease to be given by any one who knows of or has reason to suspect its existence among the animals in his possession, the penalty for refusing to comply with this requirement being either a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment not exceeding one year. The aldermen and selectmen are required to forthwith inform the commissioners of the existence of such contagious disease, and to promptly isolate all infected animals, as well as those exposed to infection, in suitable places within their cities and towns. They are likewise authorized and enjoined to execute all orders and directions of the commissioners made to them, under the same penalty as the one already named for neglect to give original information. The circular repeats the regulations for the guidance of these city and town officers in the matter, which are simply to isolate and keep secure all animals suspected of having been subject to infection, till they can be taken into the charge of the commissioners, to be finally released or slaughtered, as may be decided upon.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.

Still another earthquake shock was felt in Charleston at about five o'clock on Monday afternoon last, lasting about two seconds and accompanied by a loud rumbling sound. The wave of motion was from north to south. Houses were perceptibly shaken, and many persons rushed out in alarm into the streets. But there was no damage beyond the falling of loose plastering. The same shock was felt at Savannah, and in a number of other places. A prominent contractor gives it as his opinion that from five hundred to a thousand bricklayers and plasterers would find employment in the city during the winter and spring at four dollars a day and upwards. The supply at present is not half equal to the demand. The subscriptions of the charitable in New York for the Charleston sufferers amount to nearly $150,000, and in Boston to over $71,000. The work of collecting contributions goes on, but they cannot be expected to do more than relieve present necessities and provide for wants that are most urgent. An earthquake shock is reported to have been noticed in Augusta, Me., at the same hour as at Charleston, but it is not precisely determined whether the noise heard was not that of distant thunder.

EUROPEAN WHEAT.

The September Report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington summarizes the European wheat crop as a poor one, probably 15 per cent. below the average and 20 per cent. below 1885. The total yield in Great Britain, taking reduced acreage into consideration, is fully 25 per cent. below last year. The yield in France is 15 per cent. below. The best crop is oats, and the worst is rye. The opinion expressed last July by the Department that Great Britain would have the smallest crop since 1879 is justified by the governmen. statistics of the acreage of wheat, it being less than in 1885 by 7.8 per cent.; and the agricultural and trade reports both agree in placing the total yield between 55 million and 66 million bushels, against the official estimate of 1885 of 79,635,769 bushels. Very little consolidated information has been forwarded this month in regard to the wheat crop of Russia, but the opinion is steadily growing that the yield will be a poor one. It must easily be 15 per cent. below an average. With this diminution of the wheat product in the countries of Europe, it is plain that the United States will be called on to supply the deficiency, unless the holders of stocks are so short-sighted as to spoil the market by pushing up prices.

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY FAIR.

The Middlesex County Agricultural Society held its annual Fair at Concord on the 28th and 29th. The opening day was attended with a northeast storm which, although it prevented a large attendance of visitors, did not prevent the entry of a good number of animals and articles for exhibition.

The second day opened with rain, but by ten o'clock the promise of fair weather induced large numbers of people to gather on the Fair grounds, and by mid-day the number was increased to from two to three thousand.

At half past twelve some three hundred ladies and gentlemen seated themselves around the well spread tables in the banquet hall. At the close of the repast Hon. John Cummings, President of the Society, opened the post prandial exercises by a welcome and congratulatory speech at the close of which he introduced as the speaker of the day the Hon. Daniel Needham, who was received with a hearty cheer. Col. Needham discussed the labor question in which he argued the rights of labor from an American stand point—claiming for American boys and girls the right of free schools and the unrestricted right to select trade, employment or profession in accordance with their individual taste and judgment, without interference of political or social bias. After the dinner came an exercise on the trotting course which gave amusement and satisfaction to the large concourse of visitors assembled.

THE LOCAL FAIRS.

September and October are busy months for the farming fraternity, which is engaged at this pleasant season in diversifying the labors of harvesting with exhibitions of the year's products of the field, the yards, the pens, the orchards and gardens, the dairy, and the household. Massachusetts has always been strongly addicted to this habit of enjoying regular autumnal exhibitions of its agricultural industry, from one end of the State to the other. Every quarter of the Commonwealth is for the time the welcome scene of these most suggestive and satisfying of all collections. The old Essex Agricultural Society is holding its 66th annual fair at Newburyport, as we write these lines; the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Hingham is holding its 28th at the same time; the Plymouth County Society likewise holds its annual fair this week at Plymouth; the Middlesex North has just finished its regular annual show at Concord; the venerable Worcester Agricultural Society held its 68th exhibition last week at Worcester; the Berkshire County Society has held its usual fair at Pittsfield; and so on through all the counties of the State, and in numbers of the towns individually. Good addresses have in all cases been made in support of the interests of farming, and the farmer's calling has been publicly honored as it deserves. The farming community is at the front in these days.

The American Forestry Congress, in session at Denver, Col., before its final adjournment adopted resolutions asking Congress to establish an agricultural and forestal experiment station on the unoccupied portion of land in the District of Columbia known as the Arlington estate, to be under the control of the Department of Agriculture. It likewise urged the passage of a bill for the protection and preservation of the timber land now in possession of the Government, and for the establishment in office of a Commission of Forestry to provide means to prevent the destruction of forest fires and the prosecution of persons setting fire to timber.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for October presents the following attractive list of contents: The Distribution of Wealth, by Charles S. Ashley; Meteorites, Meteors, and Shooting Stars, by Prof. H. A. Newton, L. L. D.; Some Obstacles [illegible] to Education, second paper, by Prof. W. B. Benedict; The Microbes of Animal Diseases, illustrated, by E. L. Trouessart; A Psychological Study of Fear, by Charles Richet; Some Peculiar Habits of the Cray-fish, by G. F. Holder; Le Play's Studies in Social Phenomena, by A. G. Warner; Universal Time, by W. H. M. Christie, F. R. S.; A Bald and Toothless Future, by Virgil F. Eaton; Life on a Coral Island, by Prof. W. K. Brooks; Are Black and White Colors? by Harry Austin Daly; The Philosophy of Diet, by a Layman; German Paleontological Museums, by Albert Gaudry; Nitrification, by Prof. H. P. Armsby; Sketch of Gen. John Newton with portrait; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Micellany; and, Notes. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for October contains a profusely illustrated article on The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers; Autumn in England, by Lucy C. Lillie, richly illustrated; Bonbould and Parsons; Their Pilgrimage, Part Seven, by Charles Dudley Warner, illustrated with society views at Richfield Springs and Niagara; The Story of Tanis, or recent exploration in Egypt, with fifteen illustrations by Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards; United States Naval Artillery, illustrated by Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N.; The Brahman's Son, poem, by Richard H. Stoddard, illustrated; Ole' Stracted, a story, illustrated; Springhaven, Part seven, illustrated, by R. D. Blackmore; The Home Acre, Part eight, by E. P. Roe, devoted to the Kitchen garden; The River Floweth On, a story, by Helen Gray Cone; Short Poems—Persicus Odi, Grass of Parnassus, To Fame, A Band of Bluebirds, The Reapers, The Quaker Lady, and Indian Summer; and the Editor's Easy Chair, Study, and Drawer, with Monthly Record of Current Events. To be had of Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for October is in good season for the most beautiful of autumnal months. Pretty illustrations crowd the fashion pages, representing various articles of costumes, and all lady readers' will be delighted with the colored and black-work designs. The "Wave o' the Sea" grows more interesting. "An old Man's Darling" is a highly readable story; So is "Two days in June" a bright little story. "The Great Scamperton Fair" is concluded, all the involvments being at last disentangled. The literary matter is finished with a number of other stories, with verses. The autumn styles are explained in Fashion Notes, which likewise touches on the many different ways of decorating our homes. Godey's shows decided improvement in every number. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly* for October continues Henry James' story of The Princess Casamissa, which is followed by A Mad Monarch; A Literary Athlete; A Bostonnoire; The Witches of Venice; two more chapters of The Golden Justice, by William Henry Bishop; My Real Estate, by Bradford Torrey; From the Garden of a Friend; Race Prejudices; two chapters additional of In the Clouds, by Charles Egbert Craddock; The Rise of Arabian Learning, by Edward Hungerford; Love's Solitude and Society; Abraham Lincoln; Bacon's Dictionary of Boston; Hutchinson's Diary—Second Volume; Fortuny and Decamps; The Contributors' Club; and, Books of the Month. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *The Magazine of Art for October.*—"Hermes," the painting by W. B. Richmond, in the last Grosvenor gallery exhibition, is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for October, and is followed by a fully illustrated paper, the IV. on "Current Art," by the editor. An interesting paper gives us "More About Old Charterhouse," with characteristic illustrations. Stanley Lane-Poole writes on "A Venetian Azzimina of the 16th Century," and R. Penderel-Brodhurst reviews some old "Royal Academy Scandals." R. J. Charleton describes with a lively appreciation of its many beauties, the pretty little fishing village of Culercoats, while R. Jobbing proves the truth of these descriptions with his pencil. The picture painted for Thomas Macklin for his numerous literary enterprises are carefully described and the story of their origin told by Alfred Beaver. The story of "La Bella Simonetta" is told in the series on "The Romance of Art." Coming down to modern times Claude Phillips describes the work of the late Paul Baudry, and his paper is illustrated with engravings from Baudry's best known paintings, and also with a page portrait of the distinguished artist from the bust by Paul Dubois. "Art in Ancient Rome" is laid before later-day amateurs by Wm. Holmden in an illustrated paper. There is a page engraving from the painting "The Mountain Pass," by A. Wierus-Kowalski; this is followed by an account of the French and Dutch pictures in Edinburg, and the department of American and foreign art notes.—*Cassell & Company, Limited*, New York, Publishers.

READ AND RUN.

— Canada has prohibited the importation of live cattle from eleven counties in England and a district of London, on account of the existence in them of pleuro-pneumonia.

— The Massachusetts Universalist Convention for 1886 was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the current week at Gloucester.

—There were seventy-four arrivals of vessels with fish at Gloucester last week.

— The market for copper is a strong and advancing one, as well as for other products.

— The Unitarian National Conference closed its biennial meeting at Saratoga last week on Friday, this being the twelfth of its biennial meetings. It was universally pronounced the most successful in point of interest and attendance of any thus far held.

— Tail-less dress coats have been worn at Newport by the ultra-fashionable young men this season, which is the other extreme from the long-tailed coats. All the secret there is about fashion is the see-saw of it.

— Although the days of late have been unreasonably warm, it is not to be denied that we have, on the whole, been enjoying a beautiful climate.

— The theory on which Wiggins, the Canada weather prophet, based his prediction of an earthquake for last Wednesday that would cause a destructively wide crack across the continent on a certain parallel, is that the invisible moon would then come into conjunction with the visible moon and with Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, and that all drawing together would upset the centre of gravity of the earth.

— Orange Grove, N. J., boasts of pieces of land there that sell for $30,000 an acre.

— Henry George has been nominated for the labor candidate for mayor of New York City, and says he is going to be elected, too.

— The fall term of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology opened last Monday, the Freshman Class being the largest one ever admitted.

— The oldest clergyman of the Episcopal Church in America is Rev. John Rodney of Philadelphia, who was ninety years old on the 26th of August last. He is likewise the oldest living graduate of Princeton College, having graduated in 1816. Three of Princeton's oldest living graduates are clergymen of the Episcopal Church.

— Jefferson Davis says that General Lee's failure to annihilate General McClellan's army before Richmond was due to the fact that General Lee had no maps of the country below Richmond, and that his army moved in ignorance of the country and with guides who, for the most part, proved themselves utterly inefficient.

— An old man who has seven sons, all of them steamboat captains, and all in comfortable circumstances, was recently received into the Jersey City poor-house.

— The business of supplying Lenox, Mass., with the necessaries of life scarcely appears in the village itself. A large share of the trade goes to Pittsfield, and the Pittsfield tradesmen are beginning to complain that their business is practically in the hands of English grooms and butlers.

— There continues to be a full volume of general business, though there are less favorable advices from several points. The grand total of commercial transactions meets the more conservative of the hopeful anticipations reported within two months past.

— During the month of August there were 865 deaths in Boston, the rate being 25.9 per 1,000 inhabitants.

— Investigations are said to be the surest sign of the coming of cold weather.

— The Aztec fair in Horticultural Hall draws large numbers of visitors daily. It teaches, as a true object-lesson, how the Mexican works and how he lives at home. There [illegible] constantly growing in popular favor—and no wonder, for it is wonderfully effective and pleasant to use. It saves half the labor of washing, and does not hurt the clothes.

— A sleeping car was burned on the road between Montreal and Halifax, last Saturday night, but the passengers saved their lives.

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits,) spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Patients are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

— The Hartford defaulter Bartholomew is doing what he can to help his creditors realize on his assets.

☞ Sick and bilious headache cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets."

—Congress left the President without power to extend invitations to French citizens to attend the inaugural ceremonies of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, tried in vain by trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, Sept. 23, by Rev. John Hood, Alexander M. Bergstein to Maria McLeroy, both of Brookline.

In Malden, Sept. 22, by Rev. E. S. Potter, Albert K. Waitt to Annie M. Cochrane, both of Malden.

In Revere, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. M. Pardee of Lacona, N. H., assisted by Rev. Wm. A. Reese of Chelsea, Miss Helen R. Baker of Revere to Mr. Charles F. Mason of Boston.

In Providence, R. I., Sept. 28, by Rev. Warren Goddard, Jr., Dr. Herman Frank Vickery of Boston to Miss Abby Williams Davis of Providence.

In Stratford, N. H., Sept. 27, by Rev. W. H. Trafton, Mr. Fred W. Osborne of Brockton, Mass., to Miss Sedelle Sloper of Stratford, N. H.

In Roxbury, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Garrison, Miss E. Minnie Carleton to Mr. Wm. E. Thayer.

In Cambridgeport, Sept. 28, by Rev. George Briggs, D. D., Augustus Hearsey to Miss Charlotte Foye Saul.

In Medford, Sept. 23, by Rev. L. D. Bragg, Julius A. Jones of Boston to Nellie S. Holland of Medford.

DEATHS.

In this city, Sept. 26, James L. Oliver, 73 yrs.

In this city, Sept. 26, Mrs. Mary B. Sharp, 45 yrs.

In this city, Sept. 27, Col. Charles Gordon Greene, in his 83d year.

In Arlington, Sept. 26, Frances, widow of the late Jesse Buckman, 77 yrs. 5 months.

In Cambridgeport, Sept. 25, Timothy B. Caldwell, 66 yrs.

In Rockland, Mass., Sept. 26, Amos S. Reed, 82 yrs. 4 months.

In East Orleans, Sept. 24, Miss Sally Sparrow, 88 yrs. 6 mos.

In Ashland, Mass., Sept. 26, Meron R., daughter of George W. and A. A. White, 24 yrs. 10 mos. 16 dys.

In Longwood, Sept. 26, Julia A. wife of William B. Chaplin, 61 yrs. 9 months.

In Roxbury, Sept. 24, Lake Hammond, 81 yrs. 5 months.

In Lynn, at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. A. Coffin, Mrs. Jennie Holbrook, wife of E. E. Holbrook.

In Hingham, Sept. 26, Caleb Beal, 81 yrs. 6 mos. 29 days.

In Bunker Hill District, Sept. 27, Orlando Carter, 72 yrs.

In Wellesley Hills, Sept. 27, Eunice M. Fiske, widow of the late Emery Fiske, 87 yrs. 6 mos.

In Woburn, Sept. 26, George C. Nichols, 60 yrs. 3 mos.

In Rockland, Mass., Sept. 26, Amos S. Reed, 82 yrs. 4 mos.

In Lynn, Sept. 21, Walter H. Smith of Boston, 31 yrs. 6 mos.

In Waltham, Sept. 23, Clara E., wife of John F. Coolidge, 44 yrs. 3 mos.

In Bunker Hill District, Sept. 24, Edmund Hines, 37 yrs.

In Haverhill, Sept. 24, Joshua Holt, 82 yrs. 6 mos.

In Brookline, Sept. 26, Mary T. Lyons, 22 yrs.

In East Lexington, Sept. 25, Orau Nash, 85 yrs.

In Boston Highlands, Sept. 24, Asa Wyman, 64 yrs. 10 mos.

In Jamaica Plain, Sept. 28, Mrs. Mary E. L. Loring 65 yrs. 6 mos.

In Pepperell, Sept. 25, Charles E. Wright, formerly of Boston, 43 yrs. 7 mos.

In North Brookfield, Sept. 25, Miss Permelia Cunningham of Spencer, 84 yrs.

In San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 18, Charles S., son of the late Hon. James Maguire of Dumbarton.

In Mattapoisett, Sept. 26, Warren Alden, 81 yrs. 11 mos. 23 dys.

In Newburyport, Sept. 25, James [illegible] Batchelder, 81 yrs. 4 mos.

In Watertown, Sept. 28, George W. Russell, 84 yrs.

In Marblehead Neck, Sept. 27, Edouard Henri Vlaux, 80 yrs.

☞ The report on the Condition of Crops in America and Europe, and on Freight Rates of Transportation Companies is issued from the Department of Agriculture for September.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING Oct. 2, 1886.

Amount of stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats.	Fat Hogs.	Veal.
This week	2063	12,229	170	17,791	944
Last week	2759	14,662	125	20,353	1024
One yr ago	2442	12,420	264	14,513	668
		Horses . . . 562			

Prices on Northern Cattle.

Beef.—Per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $7 50@ ; first quality, $7@7 25 ; second quality, $6 00@6 50; third quality, $5@6 00; a few choice single pairs, @ ; some of the poorest bulls, &c., $4 00@4 50.

Working Oxen.—$100@175; handy steers $60 @110 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $25 @38; extra, $40@48; farrow and dry, $15@24. Fancy Milch Cows, $50@60.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings, $9 @18 00; two-year-olds, $14@28; three-year-old, $24@30.

Sheep.—Per lb, live weight, 2½@4 cents; extra 4½@5 c. Sheep and Lambs, ₩ head, in lots, $2 50@5 00. Lambs, 4½@5c.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 5½@5½c live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @ c; retail, 5@6c; Northern dressed @6½c.

Veal Calves.—2½@3c ₩ lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 7½@7c ₩ lb; country lots, 7@7c.

Calf Skins.—8@10c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 2½@3 c ₩ lb; country lots, 1½@2c.

Lamb Skins.—50@85c each; country lots, 50@ 85c; shearlings, 15@25c; dairy skins, 25@50c.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine	197	3246	New York	251	1708
N. Hampshire	171	1596	R I & Conn		
Vermont	115	832	Western	1853	1,350
Massachusetts	96		Canada	90	3497
			New Brunswick		
Total				2063	12,229

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg	563	3050	Eastern	229	3462
Lowell	175	4367	Old Colony		
Boston & Alb.	1604	1,350	Vin Pt & Boats	72	
N Y & N E			Boston & Me		
Total				2063	12,229

Droves & Drovres. Cattle and Sheep.

Cattle.	Sheep.	Cattle.	Sheep.
Maine.		A O Turner	11
Geo Downs	4	J B Remick	13
G Lincoln	10	Combs & Farrar	172
G Staples	2	M G Flanders	3
G Staples	2	B S Hastings	25
G Maxfield	200	J Carroll	11
R W Brown	80	N K Campbell	29
F H Crockett	22	W P Dwyer	65
J F Lawrey	4	**Massachusetts.**	
Libby & Merrill	12	J S Henry	42
C H Merrill	46	Sanborn	6
H B White	51	W Scollans	187
F Thompson	200	D McCarthy	19
I C Libby	40	G P Fisck & Son	191
New Hampshire.		L Morse	10
J B Sargent	220	G Fisher	35
Dow & Moulton	75	O C Robinson	1
F F Adden	6	P B Hurlbert	228
J C Marshall	1	S Hurlbert	207
B E Gilman	29	W Fisher	662
J Y Keazer	20	E Smith	174
H A Wilcox	2	G W Cushman	52
Aldrich & Johnson	7	**Canada.**	
R Barrett	2	F Pineonneault	228
Moulton & Flanders	26	F Gosselin	228
B H Hall	2	S Howes	463
Vermont.		L N Morse	450
A Williamson	17	Garland	398
L W Tinker	2	N K Campbell	429
W Ricker	8	**Western States.**	1150
F S Kimball	15	B S Hastings	1350
A Fond	21	A N Monroe	1682
Kenfield & Chase	12	Farrell Bros	1500
J J Quinlan		H J Hathaway	288

OWNERS OF VEAL.

MAINE.—G. Staples, 2; Glines & Weston, 5; F. H. Coolidge, 46; J. F. Lawrey, 7; Libby & Merrill, 13; C. H. Merrill, 11; Libby & Gilman, 7; I. C. Libby, 21.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—J. B. Sargent, 26; Dow & Moulton, 12; E. F. Adden, 6; J. C. Marshall, 1; B. R. Gilman, 2; J. Y. Keazer, 1; H. A. Wilcox, 20; Aldrich & Johnson, 56; Moulton & Flanders, 11; Breck & Wood, 40.

VERMONT.—A. Williamson, 37; L. W. Tinker, 5; W. Ricker, 17; F. S. Kimball, 30; A. A. Fond, 20; Chase & Kenfield, 19; J. J. Quinlan, 12; A. O. Turner, 11; Combs & Farrar, 45; M. G. Flanders, 22; B. S. Hastings, 18; N. K. Campbell, 17.

MASSACHUSETTS.—J. S. Henry, 68.

NEW YORK.—W. Scollans, 162; L. Morse, 35; W. Wears, 32.

CANADA.—F. Pinsonneault, 3.

UNION MARKET, WATERTOWN.

Tuesday, Sept, 28, 1886.

Not as many Northern cattle at market as last week. The call for beef cattle was not extensive. There was a want expressed for good Northern and Eastern cattle, which was not supplied

Read and Note.

IT IS A FACT that consumers DO largely accept dealers' statements as true. And it is quite as true that these st——ments are not always reliable. Their clerks c——mmerces, in many even the first class houses, have for a few years past, in some instances persistently, even after presentation of its injustice to consumer and manufacturer of others, now and then, PRESSED upon their customers an imitation of POND'S EXTRACT as the same article. Others have sold the imitation as EQUAL to POND'S EXTRACT. Others again hold up the PRICE as an inducement to take the impure, pernicious, injurious, cheap and dangerous article. This goes on where, when questioned, the AMPLEST acknowledgment is made that the customer seeks a remedy on the good reputation of

POND'S EXTRACT.

We do not propose to wrangle all druggists, but do ask our customers to understand that when they want POND'S EXTRACT they should insist upon having it and nothing else.

We otherwise go to the Druggists for prescriptions, and in relying upon their skill and experience in this particular pay the highest prices willingly, in the first instance for best goods.—Physician, nurse, lawyer, &c., &c. But we would not allow any druggist to sell us an article when we knew it was not recommended it to us as being exactly the same AS GOOD OR THE SAME AS the one we want to try our article for the first time. We wish to pay for our old customers and those who want to try our article for the first time.

Ask for POND'S EXTRACT, and while you are about it tell your Druggists that you positively know that he CANNOT MAKE POND'S EXTRACT and CANNOT find a substitute for it, and that unless you believe that anything imitated POND'S EXTRACT, in bulk or in ink, tastes like POND'S EXTRACT, is bottled in imitation of our purpose, and remember POND'S EXTRACT is the same as wherever bought—only that it is put up in the OLD, OLD STYLE, never changed, of bottle with name blown in the glass, and wrapper with our Yellow Buff Wrapper and our Yellow Pamphlets.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

FOR PILES, BURNS, SUNBURNS, DIARRHŒA, STINGS, SORE THROAT, EYES, PAIN, INFLAMMATIONS AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS. *Sold everywhere. Internally and Externally. Prices* 50c., $1, $1.75

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York.

jy17 1yr oct6w

THE FIRST ANNUAL

Cattle Show

AND

Fair

OF THE

BAY STATE Agricultural Society

Will be held at the

Mechanics' Charitable Association Building,

HUNTINGTON AV., BOSTON.

October 5, 6, 7 and 8.

The Exhibits will consist of

CATTLE, HORSES, POULTRY, SHEEP, SWINE, VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, FRUITS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS DAIRY PRODUCTS, and MANUFACTURES.

The First Cattle Fair held in Boston for 30 Years.

Baldwin's Cadet Band. Reeves' American Band. Salem Cadet Band.

Admission to the entire Exhibition 50 cts. Children under 12 years of age, 25 cts. Excursions at reduced rates from all parts of New England. oct2 1t

HUGH STEWART,

Coach Builder,

Offers his stock of

BERLIN COACHES

and Light Carriages of his own make at

LOWER PRICES

than the same quality of work can be bought elsewhere, there being no intermediate profit to the dealer.

The increase of business has necessitated more room, and I have secured the shops at

244 Main St., Cambridgeport,

formerly occupied by W. A. Ward, which with my present location, gives me facilities unsurpassed in the England both for repairing and new work.

REPOSITORY,

13 Green St., (Bowdoin Square), BOSTON.

sept 17

Every Farmer

Who is not already using

CHICAGO GLUTEN MEAL

should make a trial of it at once. It is the cheapest and best feed for

MILCH COWS

in the market, and gives better results than cotton seed meal, but costs much less. BUTLER, BAKED & CO., Boston, Eastern Agents. oct2—2t

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

For Sale.

OVE 16-inch Bailey Ensilage Cutter, in good order. Price $20, to make room for larger. W. F. LEWIS. oct2—1t Box 208 Swampscott, Mass.

FREE PAPER FLOWER OUTFIT.

To Introduce The Farm and Household our large 32 column Illustrated Monthly Magazine forever to the new Home Circle, we will send a Complete Outfit for 25 cts. and send each person subscribing, a complete outfit for making Paper Flowers, containing 12 full-sized different colors of finest imported Tissue Paper, 1 pkg. assorted fancy colored Cotton, Loose, Rose, Poppy, Dahlia, Pompon, Rose, Ivy, Fuchia, &c., 1 pkg. assorted gold and silver leaves, 1 pkg. various flowers, 1 hank cord for stems, 1 pkg. Rubber Tubing for stems, 1 Rose Tint, and 1 Book containing full instructions and illustrations for making all kinds of Paper Flowers, Dahlia, Pansies, Carnations, Lilies, Lace Work, &c. The cost to make a bouquet is more than $1.00. By a few hours' pleasant work any lady can earn $5 to $10 per day. Every one is delighted with the work. Many are making a handsome income. Others are earning from $2.00 to $5.00, and any lady will be pleased to spend a few hours for the pleasure and profitable wages at the occupation. Free by mail, postpaid, with instructions for 25 cts. Address THE DOMESTIC CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Mortgagees Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Herman Drake to Ira M. Hilton, dated December ninth (9), A. D. 1885, and recorded in Suffolk Registry of Deeds lib. 1[illegible] fol. 1[illegible], I shall sell at public auction upon the premises on TUESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D. 1886, at eleven o'clock and forty-five minutes in the forenoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed

The Poet's Corner.

THE REAPERS.

When the tired reapers, with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn, as the sun goes down,
And the sky is rich as the falling leaves
In crimson and purple and golden brown,
I sit in the mellow and marvellous eves
And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves
Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone
Since we saw the shuttle across the blue
That wove the colors of dusk and dawn
When the musk of the sleeping roses flew
On the wings of the south wind over the lawn,
And the evening shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and the stars were few;

When Love was sweet in the lives we led
As the leaven that lives in the latter spring
To grow in the flowers, the books we read,
The romp and rush of the grape-vine swing,
In words and work, to be filled and fed
On brooks of honey and wasted bread,
And sung in the songs that we used to sing,

And out of the shadows they come to me,
As flowers of the spring come, year by year,
The lovers we had when to love was free,
The stars were few and the skies were clear,
And we knew it was happiness just to be,
Through the sheaves of the cloud-laid fair to see,
While the weary reapers are drawing near.

Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves
In the ashes of summers of long ago,
They come, through the mellow and marvellous eves,
With the harvest of love that we used to sow,
As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves
When the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves
Come out of the corn and the sun is low.

—Will Wallace Harney, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

Ladies' Department.

My First Resurrection.

BY JOHN T. COLLIER.

[London Belgravia.]

I am by profession a solicitor. I have a certain amount of ability to do many things, but, being utterly devoid of the imaginative faculty, I am unable to tell a story. I can, however, make a plain, unvarnished statement of facts—facts which will ever have for me a painful but romantic interest.

In the spring of 1875 I passed my final examination. Proud of my success, and filled with joyous exultation, I hastened to the town of Nettleby. My Uncle Dalton's abode was about two miles distant from that quiet and essentially respectable place.

My uncle delighted in prize horses and champion shorthorns, and cared for nothing on earth but them—and his pretty daughter Melissa. I also admired Melissa, but abhorred all sorts and conditions of cattle. My uncle, therefore, ever entertained a very low opinion of my worth and prowess.

The first week after my arrival was a memorable one. What long and delightful hours Melissa and I spent together! Never before or since did I love the springtime so dearly. Light and love and life were everywhere. Our philandering was of a negative description. I never dreamt of hinting at love, and was not so foolishly audacious as to show by active signs the presence of an inward and hidden passion. Melissa's quiet, maidenly demeanor checked all such demonstrations.

Our only companion on our walks was a little English terrier; he was a merry sprite, full of frolic and precociousness. He rejoiced in the name of "Snooks."

One afternoon, when we were approaching the house, Snooks began to bark with unusual emphasis. When we rounded the clump of trees that hid the house from the road, we beheld, to our great astonishment, my half-brother Stephen standing at the hall-door.

I was rejoiced to see him. It was over two years since we had last met. He was my nearest relation. Alas! we were both orphans. He was one of those genial fellows whom men admire and women cannot help loving.

He was a tall and grandly formed man. His face was handsome; his voice clear and silvery. He had been a medical student at Guy's Hospital; but one day he met me and casually remarked that he was going out to Australia and did not know when he would return. From that day to this he had never sent me one line to tell me how or where he was.

I gathered from what he told us of his varied experiences that he had gone to the gold-diggings in Australia, but had not made his fortune; then he travelled through South America, and finally made a tour through the States.

Days passed away, and neither Stephen nor I thought of taking our departure. He was always most brotherly and affectionate toward me, though I was frequently brusque and irritable. I hated myself for it. My jealousy was no very unreasonable. Of course, I knew that Melissa loved me. I had secretly adored her for years. I had been a diligent student. I had passed my examination with eclat. I had saved money out of my allowance. I had insured my life for £800, and I was about to be taken into partnership by one of the oldest firms in Nettleby. Surely, it was impossible that this gay prodigal should be preferred to me!

Yet my uncle seemed to worship him. The most surly of shorthorns had no terrors for Stephen. He could, with ease, master and tame the wildest of colts. This won my uncle's heart. He declared Stephen to be the finest fellow in England. He more than hinted that, as he was getting on in years, the farm might soon require another master. Evidently, he would not object to Stephen becoming his son-in-law. This affected my spirits. I grew moody and depressed. I felt that I was slowly and surely losing my own Melissa. My behavior was often fatuously absurd. At times, I was morose and stolid.

Anon, I became hysterically funny. Altogether, I compared very unfavorably with the bright and facile Stephen.

At length, the crisis came. It was the last great hunt of the season. In spite of argument, entreaty, remonstrance, Melissa determined to join in the barbarous and dangerous sport. Stephen accompanied her. I was unable to do so, as I was a sorry equestrian performer. During that long weary day, I was most miserable and melancholy.

In the sunset I saw them returning from the hunt. Melissa's cheeks were all aglow; her eyes sparkled; her hair, touched with the ruddy sunlight, was an aureole. Ah, how I loved her—loved her with the wild, hopeless love of despair! I determined no longer to play the fool. I would banish my puerile bashfulness, and at once learn my fate.

After dinner, Melissa and I chanced to be alone in the parlor. After a few tentative sentences, I seized her hand and burst forth into a passionate rhapsody. My peroration was abruptly brought to a close by Stephen opening the door. I was confused and speechless, but, woman-like, Messila was quite equal to the occasion. She exclaimed, with a hearty laugh:

"Oh, Jack, what an amusing story!"

"Let us have it again," said Stephen, as he gazed steadfastly at my flushed face.

"Ah, I fear it would not bear repetition," I remarked, with a guilty smile.

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Next evening I felt very unwell. I had a good deal of gnawing pain, and was troubled with nausea. I blamed my dinner, and hoped I should soon be myself again. But my indisposition continued. I was wretched in mind as in body. I tried some simple medicine, which Stephen was kind enough to recommend, but I rapidly became worse. One afternoon I walked into Nettleby to consult Dr. Baxter. He told me that I was suffering from gastric ulcer, and advised me to be very careful about my diet.

Stephen was much interested in my case, and gave me many practical instructions. He made me take my medicine with regularity. This was necessary, as I abominated physic, and that which Dr. Baxter gave me was most unpalatable stuff.

An event now happened which affected me profoundly. One day I missed my faithful companion, Snooks. I searched diligently, but could not find him. No one had seen him. In the afternoon I chanced to go into one of the outhouses, and there, in a corner, lay Snooks—dead. Never was I so deeply shocked. Perhaps, if I had been in good health, I should not have been so strangely affected. My thoughts were directed to death. The shadow of it had suddenly fallen across my path. What a sharp, suggestive contrast between the merry, loving sprite and the still, mute, lifeless body! I thought of the certainty and universality of death. Man and beast fall before the sure, silent, mystic nihilism of Death.

Melissa was extremely distressed; she wept violently and long, but finally was comforted when Stephen promised that he would get Snooks stuffed and placed in a glass case.

Next day I suffered severely. I was dizzy and faint. I felt alarmed about my condition. That night, before retiring to rest, I took the last dose of medicine in the bottle. I soon fell into a profound slumber. I dreamt incessantly. The imps of my imagination tormented me with horrible fantastic visions. I seemed to live through ages. The events of a long lifetime were crowded into the dreams of a few hours. It was late when I awoke next morning. The sun was shining brilliantly. The clock on the stairs struck twelve. Was I really awake or was I dreaming? Some one was actually washing me, or rather scrubbing me with unpleasant vigor. "What the deuce are you doing?" I tried to say, but *murabile dictu*, not a syllable nor word could I utter. The words were registered at the central station of the brain, but the telegraph wires refused to work. Even my very lips were mutineers, and struck work. My jaws were firmly bound up with a cloth. What did this mean? I determined to clear up the mystery. I endeavored to raise myself in the bed; but not a muscle moved. I lay perfectly still, motionless, as if I were dead. My eyes were only half-open. I could not open them. I could not close them. My sight was dim. I saw an old woman washing me. I recognized her as a nurse, whose principal business was "to lay out corpses." She was scrubbing me as if I were a floor. She muttered as she scrubbed. A spasm seized my heart as I heard her say, with awfully genuine pity:

"Ah, the poor young man! He did go a suddint."

Go where? Where was I? What was I? I tried to yell. That was my intention. But there came no sound—not even the ghost of a sigh. Was I paralyzed? Hardly so, for I was acutely, nay morbidly, conscious. I was unnaturally sensitive. My hearing was unnaturally sensitive. My hearing was unaffected. I was horribly passive. I seemed not to breathe.

"Wot a lovely corpse he are!" murmured the old creature.

Great God! Was I dead?

"Wot a lot of young uns I have laid out in my time! Some well off—some wi' nowt. But it don't matter a deal when one's dead and stretched. Eh, now, wot nice feet he has got! Poor young man, I'll cut his nails for 'im. Eh, he was troubled wid corns. They won't bother 'im again. Lord save us all."

I can recommend this woman as a careful and painstaking "layer-out." Her name is Mrs. Mosey. No doubt she meant well. But, oh, the torture! Gentle reader, try to imagine my physical suffering. Words fail to describe it. It was, however, nothing when compared to my mental agony. The awful reality of death made me look on my bodily troubles as mere trifles. But about the latter I do not complain. Mrs. Mosey was only doing her duty, which she certainly performed thoroughly, but, it must be confessed, roughly. I was only a corpse, and it is a popular belief that a corpse has no feeling. Alas, how pitifully ignorant is humanity!

When she had finished her chiropodistry, she produced a long white shirt. This was open down the back. After much ungentle manipulation, she succeeded in getting me into this garment. Shen she ornamented my neck with a very stiff cravat. I can now see that wizened old face as it came close to mine. Was I to lie there all that frosty day, clad in such a disgraceful meagre garment? I really would protest. What an immense joke it was. What a laugh I would have against them. Try idea, taking me for a corpse! When the old lady had completed my toilet, she stood and admired her work. She was evidently highly satisfied with her artistic performance.

"Well, I think the Squire and Miss will give me a glass or so hextra. I 'ave just laid 'im out about proper. Bah! cuss his heyes. They won't keep close, I'll be bound, not 'em 'for hours, an' yet they stare at you in a hodd an' frightsome way. I guess I must try summat 'eavier."

Was I to be deprived of my eyesight—the only certain sign I had that I was not defunct? And yet, confound it, they all thought I was dead. What an extremely awkward and unpleasant position to be in! What an unlucky fellow I was! I began to experience the hilarity an jocoseness of despair. Death was so very comical. What a masquerade it was! What a curious thing was the white, cold domino, behind which one heard and saw and laughed!

My tormentor soon returned. She placed on my eyelids what, from their heaviness, I judged to be leaden weights. Whatever they were, their ponderosity was unbearable. They answered their diabolical purpose. I was in total darkness—a darkness that could assuredly be felt. No torture of the Inquisition could have exceeded in pain that which this constant pressure gave me. I would have given no sum, no remuneration, if I could have cried aloud. No suffering is so keen as that which cannot relieve itself by active and audible signs. My eyes were balls of fire. Horrible and fantastic flames flashed in the darkness. Weird *phosgenes* whirled in the gloom.

I was left alone for an hour. I thought out the situation calmly, and came to the sensible conclusion that I was simply dreaming. I would soon be wide awake. It was a hideous nightmare. It was a cruel delusion. Fearful dreams often disturb the rest of one who is in bad health. What wonderful phenomena dreams are—so lifelike—so deathlike!

I heard voices in the darkness.

"If I'm to shave 'im, take off them 'ere confounded pound-weights."

"Aye, they ought to have done their work by now, I 'spect."

The weights were mercifully removed. Thank, heaven, I had still my vision!

"Cuss his heyes! They won't keep shut, and don't stiffen well. Drat it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mosey,

"Oh, I see a sight of corpses that don't stiffen. A lot endered wot they die of. Wot put out his light?"

"A hulster."

"Eh—ah—well, that's not impossible. He's a poorish, scraggy chap."

"Will I be getting you some hot water?" asked the dame with the parchment face.

"Poh!" exclaimed the barber, contemptuously; "hot water for a corpse! Cold will do, thank ye."

What is man, especially a dead one!

He then applied the soap sparingly, and then began to shave me. What exquisite torment! Never had I experienced anything like it before. I must be in the other world. Certainly, I was not in Elysium. Dante must have forgotten to mention shaving with a blunt razor on a cold spring day, as one of the punishments of the Inferno. I made a mental note to point out this oversight to the illustrious author.

The scraping was anything but comical. I bore it. I allowed the fiend to pinch my nose, I let him flay me and hack me. I was submissive with more than Christian resignation. I mentally cursed him, and, indeed, could have slaughtered him with my own razor. But I did not. Simply because I could not. At length, the demon desisted; he wrapped up my jaws in a cloth, and covered me with a sheet.

The weary hours passed by slowly. I suffered greatly from cold. My fingers and toes were quite stiff and benumbed. Was this the *rigor mortis* that was at length asserting itself? I had no internal pain beyond a feeling of intense hunger. How I longed for a juicy beefsteak or a glass of hot punch.

The room was very silent. No one came to disturb me. I could hear the clock ticking and striking the hours. I could count it; I could see. I could feel acutely, but for my very life I could not move a muscle. Was this some new and horrible malady, or was I in very truth—a corpse? Perhaps I was. Very little is known about post-mortem sensations. I thought of the great sufferings, that the myriads of the dead must have experienced through the ages. What a hideous thing it is for a sentient being to be hungry, cold, hopeless and despairing, and yet to be as passive as a milestone!

The monotony was relieved by the arrival of an individual whom I recognized as the principal undertaker in Nettleby. Politeness prompted me to salute such an important personage with a "good afternoon;" but, alas for me, my tongue would not wag. Mr. Simons produced a notebook, and began to take measurements and make calculations. Nothing alarmed me more than this. It brought death before me in a very practical and unpleasant way. I thought of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a narrow box, of being buried deep in the grave, all air excluded, and forever in darkness. Never more should I see the glad sunlight; never again see the fresh flowers of spring; never hear the song of birds, nor the music of the winds and brooks. How little the living appreciate these things!

Late in the afternoon Dr. Baxter and Stephen came into the room. They stood for a minute in silence. Then Dr. Baxter murmured, sympathetically:

"Ah, very sudden! A great shock to you all. But, you know, he has been failing in health, of late."

"Yes, yes," said Stephen, sadly; "he was never very robust. Still, I must confess, I was greatly astonished at his death. I never anticipated such a calamity."

He applied his handkerchief to his eyes. Poor Stephen, I never really loved him before. I was comforted to see that one sorrowed for my untimely end.

"I wonder what was the immediate cause of death?" said the doctor, tentatively.

"Is there such a thing as perforation?" said Stephen, with defference.

"That is what I am trying to decide. Either perforation and consequent death from shock; or ulceration and hemorrhage with sudden syncope."

"It looks like the latter," said Stephen, with a sigh.

"Yes, it does," remarked the doctor, quickly. "By Jove, we ought to have a post-mortem! It's a confoundedly interesting case. There is a pleasure, a melancholy pleasure, in meeting a case like this. It sets one thinking, and sharpens you up."

"Ah!" murmured Stephen, absently.

The idea was a shocking one to me. What inhuman monsters doctors are! Well, old Baxter's time would come. That afforded me a negative consolation. How would he feel, when some medical friend should stand by his bed and suggest blandly a post-mortem examination?

"A post-mortem would solve the puzzle," he exclaimed. "Of course, you would not object; you are almost one of us."

"Well, now, it's curious how foolishly sensitive one is about a relation," confessed Stephen. "He was my brother; the idea of dissecting him is not a nice one."

Dear, good Stephen, he was so thoughtful, so tender-hearted! Forever will my spirit follow thee through life and protect thee from all harm!

"Oh, nonsense, Dalton! It will only be a trifling incision. It is for the good of humanity.

"Confound humanity! We had better consult my uncle; he is rather old-fashioned," said Stephen.

Then they went out of the room. Oh, if my uncle were so foolish as to consent, what should I do? What could I do? My utter helplessness was appalling. My mind was wild and delirious. If there was insanity after death, then I was surely going mad. It was a credit to my brain to have preserved reason so long.

Presently I heard footsteps. The doctor held a mahogany case in his hand.

"Oh, of course, of course, we will let the doctor do what he thinks is right and proper," exclaimed my uncle, callously, "I might have some disorder to-morrow, and Baxter might be able to keep death off, if he knew the weak spot he got in at. Gad! Jack may as well be some use after death, for, between ourselves, he wasn't of much use during his life. Ha, ha!"

I always did dislike my uncle, but now I positively loathed him. How revolting to stand by the corpse of his blameless and innocent nephew and actually make cruel jokes, and laugh, positively laugh at them!

"We need not let Melissa know," he said. "She would make a row. Women always do in a job like this."

Stephen was silent and pale.

"Would you be good enough to get me some hot water, Dalton?" asked the doctor, quietly.

My brother nodded his head and went out. The doctor opened his case and took out a knife. He tried its edge on his hand. Stephen soon returned. He closed the door. Dr. Baxter came over to the bed. Suddenly I became very faint. I was almost unconscious, when I heard Melissa's voice in the room.

"Oh, don't, don't do that. No one shall touch Jack," she cried decisively.

I was saved, saved by Melissa! And then there was darkness and silence.

When I awoke I felt very cold and weak. The first pangs of hunger were past. I was exhausted and utterly prostrate. I must have passed the night in an unconscious state, for the light of dawn was in my room. The farmyard chanticleer was crowing with shrill defiance; the cows were lowing; the young lambs were bleating, and the larks were beginning to warble. All were alive and enjoying life; in the twilight I lay dead. Everything was going on as usual. The world went on very well without me, as it would do if the greatest of men were to die to-night.

My mind became more disordered. I lay in a strange lethargic condition, until I was aroused by the sound of voices. It was about noon. Against the wall there stood a coffin, my coffin. Hideous vision! As frightsome to me as the first sight of the gallows is to the trembling criminal who is about to be precipitated from off the spring-board of Time into the darkness of Eternity.

After much rough handling, two men succeeded in getting me into the coffin. It was a very snug coffin—beautifully stuffed, and lined with white satin. I felt thankful for small mercies. I was covered with a considerable quantity of cotton wool. I was comparatively warm and comfortable. I would have been extremely cosy if I had been anywhere but in my coffin. I defy any one to feel contented in such a situation. I was not wholly at ease, for a sharp nail projected from one of the corners and pierced the skin of my foot. But for this trifling inconvenience, I had nothing specially of which to complain, except that I was hungry, dead and confined.

I slumbered during the day until the evening, when I heard soft footsteps in my room. I saw Melissa approaching. Her face was wan and thin; her eyes were red as with weeping. She sat down beside the coffin. I knew the fresh odor of sweet spring flowers. I heard her breathing rapidly. Then she began to sob as if her heart were breaking.

"Poor Jack! I did not love him as I should have done. I did not know how much he was to me, until he went away—away—for—ever. My—own—Jack."

She stooped and kissed my brow. Tears fell on my face—a delicious shower. Suddenly she uttered a quick, low cry.

"Oh, is that you, Melissa?" I heard Stephen say. "I just came in to see dear Jack. The twilight hour recalls the past so vividly."

"I like you for saying that," said Melissa, with trembling voice. "I loved him dearly."

"So did I," rejoined Stephen. "We must both love each other for his sake, Mel——you and I."

"Yes, yes, but let us only think of Jack, now. This is his last evening. To-morrow——to-morrow! Oh!" she wept aloud. Stephen gazed at me with eyes from which tears were not far distant.

"Bow—bow—bow," barked the dog, plaintively.

Simultaneously Melissa and Stephen cried "Snooks!" Stephen looked stricken with sudden horror. Mel laughed amid her tears.

"Oh, dear old Snooks! We all thought you were dead."

"It must be his ghost," said Stephen jocosely. Snooks barked feebly, by way of protest. I saw Melissa hugging and caressing my old pet.

"He doesn't seem to have much use in his limbs," said Melissa.

"Take care, Melissa," exclaimed Stephen. "I believe the brute is mad. Ha, he is trying to bite me."

"He doesn't like you, Stephen; he never did. What if Jack was like Snooks?"

"Nonsense," Stephen said sharply.

"How Jack would like to see you now, wee Snooks," whispered Melissa, as she held the little dog down to my face. I saw it stare steadfastly and wonderingly at me for a full minute. It looked up to Melissa questioningly and pitifully, and then looked down again at me, and uttered the most wierd and pathetic wail I ever heard.

It was my last night. Living or dead I should be buried to-morrow. Criminals sleep soundly the night before they are executed. My slumbers were likewise profound. I do not know how long I had slept, before I was awakened by a candle being held close to one of my eyes. The light was painfully dazzling. I saw Stephen holding the candle. His face was very haggard and careworn. He raised my eyelid and gazed eagerly at my eye. His face was close to mine. I could hear him breathe. Then he carefully felt for my pulse. A great wave of hope flooded my heart. Perhaps I was not in reality dead, and Stephen was going to rescue me before it was too late. Stephen was a shrewd, clever fellow, and a devoted brother. Perhaps the miraculous discovery of Snooks had set him thinking. Yes, he was going to save me. He removed some cotton wool; he placed his ear over my heart, and kept it there for a couple of minutes.

"He is not quite gone yet," I heard him mutter. Oh, bliss! From the deepest depths of despair I rose to the heights of hope. Oh, joy! Life, precious life, was coming back to me again! Stephen would be my savior. I thought of Melissa and her love for me and the sweetness of life. How rapturously happy I felt! Stephen walked up and down the room. He seemed to be perplexed. Evidently he was cogitating as to the best mode of reviving me.

"I'll do it," I heard him say as he went out of the room. My mind was distracted with tumultuous excitement. My very reason was leaving me. I was faint. The room seemed to whirl around. There was the noise of jangling bells and the roaring of a far-off sea. Would Stephen never come back? The suspense was terrible. Minutes were hours.

At length I heard him returning. He did not bring the candle back with him. The room was dim and full of subdued moonlight; across the coffin it fell clear and golden. Stephen came softly towards me. He was pale and ghastly in the sickly glamour of the moonlight. In his right hand he held something. He raised it and examined it. It was a dagger; it was long and sharp. The tip of it was discolored. I saw it gleaming in the light. Was he going to open a vein, and thus set free the clogged circulation?

He came close to the coffin. He placed his hand over my heart. He cut a small piece out of my shroud. There was an awful pause in his large gray eyes. His lips were firmly compressed; his cheeks were blanched. I saw him raise the blade high in the air. Heavens, was he going to kill me? Suddenly a ghostly form appeared in the doorway. It was Melissa. She came gliding on noiselessly as if walking in her dreams. Her hands were outstreched. Her eyes were open, but had a vacuous expression. Stephen did not see her; his back was to her. He was too deeply engrossed to hear the soft tread of her naked feet. My senses were strangely acute. I saw the blade descending. There was a wild, loud shriek, and Melissa fell headlong on the floor.

Quickly Stephen hid the blade up the sleeve of his dressing-gown; he replaced the cotton-wool over me.

In a few minutes my uncle and servants came rushing into the room. Melissa cried and raved incoherently. She said that Stephen was going to kill Jack. He had a dagger and was going to stab him.

"Oh, nonsense, Melissa," said Stephen, cooly. "You were dreaming. I heard you scream, and found you here on the floor."

"Ah, poor girl," said her father, with pity. "I wish Jack was buried. His death has been too much for her weak nerves. Her mother had 'the nerves.'"

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I was now completely exhausted with the intensity of excitement. Hunger and fright demoralized me. I lay in a semi-unconscious state. I took no note of time. Darkness left the room and light came into it. I have a confused recollection of seeing people coming and going; of one face that came very close to mine and wetted it with tears. Then the lid was placed on the coffin and screwed down. I was quite listless and indifferent. An awful passivity seemed to lull my faculties. I knew that all was over. They took the coffin down the stairs; I was bumped about considerable; the sharp nail tore my foot. It was wet with blood.

The procession moved on slowly. I heard Snooks barking with dolorous ululation. The hearse had not proceeded far when, to my unspeakable astonishment, I discovered that I could wink with my left eye. My apathy instantly vanished. A few minutes later I could move the toes of the injured foot. My heart began to pump with a respectable vigor; I longed eagerly for air. But of what avail was all this, if I was going to be buried alive? I knew my uncle had a vault, but I could hardly hope that he would allow me—me whom he despised—to be deposited there.

Soon we entered the graveyard. I could hear the monotonous voice of the curate, reciting the opening sentences of the Burial Service. I had often been struck with its grand dignity, its noble resignation, its comforting and consoling references to the state of the departed; but on the present occasion my own peculiar condition fully occupied my thoughts. I paid but little attention, and was somewhat startled when a spadeful of stones and mud came rattling down on the coffin-lid. I had no special desire to become dust and ashes. I was rejoiced to find that the family vault of the Daltons was to be my final resting-place.

The service was soon over; the mourners returned home in time for dinner, and I was left alone with the darkness and the rats. About two o'clock I could move the tips of my fingers. Shortly afterwards I was able to protrude my tongue. As the day passed, I gradually recovered the use of my limbs. Hope strengthened and encouraged me. The noise of the rats gnawing at the coffin stimulated me considerably. To be eaten by rats would not be preferable to being buried alive. About six in the evening I was able to move my arms with as much freedom as was allowed in such a circumscribed space. At seven I laughed feebly; a little later I murmured a few words of prayerful gratitude. About eight my limbs were pleasantly active. I then began to press with all my available strength (and that was not much) against the lid of my coffin. After many trials it unexpectedly gave way. There was an immediate exodus of rats. No doubt, sudden upheaval of a coffin lid was a phenomenon unprecedented in their experience. Great was my joy when I managed to sit upright and look about me. With some difficulty I succeeded in getting out of the coffin. I crawled to the gate of the vault, and was glad to find it unlocked.

The moon was shining in an unclouded sky. The air was very cold. I slowly made my way to a shed where the sexton kept his spades. Here I was fortunate enough to find an old coat. This I donned, and then by easy stages I went to the house of the sexton. I knocked with a stone at the door. The old man was retiring to rest, but in answer to my reiterated knocks, he came and half-opened the door. Seeing a ghostly personage, he but instantly withdrew it when he caught sight of my strange figure. I heard him yelling and shouting:

"Oh, Mary Ann, it's a ghost, a raal ghost!"

"Whose ghost, man?" asked the sceptical wife.

"Young Maister Dalton's, him that were buried the day. Lawks, how he dew thunder at the door! Go back and lie down, wont ye."

"Tom," I said as loud as I could, "there has been a dreadful mistake. I am not dead. I have been buried alive. Open the door like a decent fellow. It's confoundedly cold standing out here in one's shroud."

After prolonged parleying, Tom opened the door. Mary Ann came down and lit a splendid fire. I put on Tom's Sunday suit. I sent him with a note to Stephen. I asked him to come at once, so that he might learn particulars concerning my mishap, and then break the news gently to Melissa and my uncle. When Tom started, his wife made some strong tea and poached half a dozen fresh eggs for me. What a delightful sensation was eating! How much the hot tea revived me! The sexton soon returned, but no Stephen accompanied him. An hour passed, and no Stephen came. I sent the old man and his wife to bed. I made myself cosy in an arm-chair before a blazing fire. I slept at times through the night, and when morning smiled through the little window I almost felt myself again.

I need not narrate how I sent for Uncle Dalton, how he expressed his surprise, and used many remarkable adjectives, profane and otherwise. I need not tell of my first meeting with dearest Melissa, and how she kissed me a hundred times. She told me that Stephen had received a message about nine o'clock the previous night, which necessitated his immediate presence in London. This I thought significant, though I was discreetly reticent. I tried to think well of him. He had been kind and thoughtful. Yet, what was the meaning of his strange behavior on that last night? Perhaps that was only an hallucination. I was very prostrate and nervous. Realities were dreams and dreams were realities. I would not, therefore condemn him on such shadowy evidence.

I soon regained my strength. Melissa was an excellent nurse. Her kisses did me as much good as her tempting and dainty dishes. I was supremely happy and content. I felt more than repaid for all my anguish and trouble. Exactly a week after my resurrection I received a letter bearing a foreign postmark. It was from Stephen. How eagerly I scanned it!

"*My Dear Brother*—By the time you get this, I shall be far away from the land of my birth—

Adieu, adieu, my native shore!

Sorrow not for me nor seek to find whether I wander. Perchance, my sudden departure may have puzzled you a little. I was indeed grieved that I could not answer your note in person on the night of your resurrection, but, under the circumstances, I thought it was wiser for me to absent myself. And now I will tell you a few interesting particulars you have read them, you will, I am sure, show your gratitude to your brother by simply letting him alone. When I came to Uncle Dalton's I had but one object in view. That was to secure the hand and fortune of Melissa. I soon gained my uncle's approbation. I also received a hopeful share of our fair cousin's favor. I was really sorry to discover by certain subtle signs that you were amorously disposed towards her. I felt for you, Jack, because I could see that Melissa's heart was not impregnable to your assaults, mild though they were. I tried my honest best to win her by fair means, but, alas, all my efforts were futile. I proposed to her on the day the hunt, but she declined firmly 'with thanks'; that night I heard you making a passionate confession. Of course, there was only one course open to me. If I was to gain Melissa and the farm and be comfortable for the rest of my life, you must be got rid of. I was deeply grieved at this solution of the dilemma. I almost wept, for I am by nature one of the most tender-hearted of mortals. I would not kill a fly, much less a man, except it was a matter of pressing expediency. You were always a kind brother to me; I remember you at the wedding. But it was driven on by inexorable fate. To kill you was, indeed, a most painful duty.

"The drug I administered to Melissa, I administered to you your first dose of arsenic. Evidently it did not agree with you. You can judge with what intense but hidden anguish I watched your sufferings. But I did not falter. The most stocial of Spartans was nothing to me. The toxic symptoms presented a beautiful naturalness. They were unanimously. Old Baxter never diagnoses anything. For a time I comforted myself with the thought that there are many diseases which occasion much more inconvenience than a judiciously administered course of poison. My compassion, however, got the better of my judgment. I was excessively pained to note how acutely you suffered, mentally and physically. I, therefore, mercifully determined to give you your quietus.

"After some consideration, I selected Curara; but as this drug has never opened the pearly gates of Heaven for any one in these isles, I thought it would be wiser if I experimented with it first on some lowly creature. Poor master Snooks was the first victim. A very small dose sufficed to despatch him. It is necessary to inject it beneath the skin. If taken by the stomach it is quite harmless. Curara is the 'arrow-poison.' I procured a little during my travels in South America. The Indians prepare it with great mystery. An infusion is made from creepers, red and black ants and the powdered fangs of venomous snakes—a very nice mixture! This is allowed to evaporate, and the residue is the 'arrow-poison.' In this country it is largely used by vivisectionists, as they are able to experiment on animals with impunity, without being inconvenienced by bites or barks. It completely paralyzes the muscles of motion, and ultimately the heart; but it does not affect the sensory nerves or the special senses. These details will, no doubt, be interesting to you. You will be able to corroborate the truth of my statements.

"To your last dose of bismuth mixture I added a heroic quantity of morphia. This caused you to slumber with a desirable soundness. In the middle of the night I gave you a subcutaneous injection of Curara. In the morning I was pleased to observe that enthanasia had taken place. I consoled myself with the reflection that sooner or later death comes to us all, and that few had the luxury of getting out of this world with so little personal inconvenience.

"I was rather flabbergasted when Baxter suggested a *post-mortem*. If he failed to discover what he had diagnosed, he might have "smelt a rat" (to use a common expression). I adroitly informed Melissa what outrage he was about to commit; she rescued you from the old fellow's scalpel.

"I was also more than startled when that little rascal Snooks made his unwelcome appearance. Until then, I thought you must be dead. You lay so motionless and were so cadaverously pallid. But here was Snooks alive, and why not you?

"That night, after a very careful and deliberate examination, I came to the conclusion that you were still unfortunately on this side of the gates of Paradise. I was truly distressed to think of all the agony you must have endured, for I well knew that the mind was active, and your senses unaffected, though your motor apparatus was unworkable. I was, therefore, about to relieve you of your discomfort, by inserting a poisoned dagger into your heart, when Melissa made her first successful and striking appearance as a somnambulist. I was so disgusted that I left you to your fate. I was culpably foolish to do so, but I am strangely influenced by providential interference. I regret now that I was so childishly superstitious. But it cannot be helped, and it will teach me a lesson for the future. I do not begrudge you your good luck. I am, and always was, generous and forgiving. Any wrong you have done me by coming back to life, I pardon you. I dare say it was not your fault. You could not well help it. I only blame myself.

"The day on which you ought to have died, I forwarded a copy of Her your death-certificate to four insurance office in Edinburgh. Yesterday I received over £800. It is a capital office, and does its business with praiseworthy despatch. I also was fortunate enough to obtain about £400 from my dear uncle. With this I ought to be able to start for myself in some corner of the earth.

"Give my kindest regards to sweet Melissa. I know you are too good and noble a brother to make any silly fuss about the insurance money. Your instinct as a lawyer might prompt you to do so, but, pray, remember that you had paid in a very trifling sum. I dare say you will be infinitely amused at my out-manœuvring the office with such *finesse*. It is not often that insurance money is paid during one's life! Farewell, dearest Jack. Never on earth will you meet me again. God bless you and yours, is the prayer of your affectionate brother, STEPHEN DALTON."

REVERSAL.

In that dark time when sorrow dwelt with me;
When one sweet face beneath the coffin lid
Was all my heavy, earth-turned eyes could see,
And all the world beneath that face was hid;
I heard thy words—I knew thy heart did speak—
Words full with sympathy, and strong with cheer
And knew with hope, and tender in mine ear;
But dared not answer, with my lips so weak.
And now what falleth? I stand lifted high
Within the blessed light and thou dost lie
Beneath the shadow of thy sacred grief.
Yet I, who ought in turn to bring relief
To thee in words, stand dumb, with lips apart;
But friend, O friend! thou knowest well my heart.

—[Homer Greene, in Scranton Truth.

EARTHQUAKES.

PAST UPHEAVALS—SOME PREMONITIONS.

[From Christian at Work.]

Mysterious shakings of the earth occur from time to time, originating in the interior and moving with a wavelike or undulatory movement. These are more frequent in the "volcanic belts," the principal of which borders the Mediterranean, and another of which is in the Atlantic, near the equator and midway from Brazil to Guinea; but are liable to occur in any country or district. Some are so extensive that they pass from hemisphere to hemisphere, and one-eighth of the entire surface of the earth has been involved, and some say the whole globe, and so frequent that probably every day witnesses to such disturbances at some point of the earth's surface.

Some countries may be called "Lands of Earthquakes," from the frequency of such visitations. Calabria, in South Italy, has been the scene of repeated and terrible earthquakes. In one case the disturbances continued for nearly four years, 1783 to 1786, one hundred years ago. The first of these years witnessed 949 shocks, 501 of which were of the first degree of force. Constantinople has been shaken for forty days.

In the year 63 A. D., an earthquake destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, which cities sixteen years later were buried underneath the ashes and lava of Vesuvius. In 115 A. D., Antioch in Syria was wrecked during Trajan's visit. In 458 it was again shaken; but in 526, the worst of which history tells us took place. Large multitudes were there at the Festival of the Ascension, and a quarter of a million people are said to have perished. Sometimes the quaking is a mere tremor of the surface, swallowing up villages, cities or even mountain ranges.

In 1755 Lisbon was visited by an earthquake of very peculiar terribleness. It began November 1. A rumbling noise, quickly followed by a shock, and the main portion of the city fell. Sixty thousand people perished in six minutes. The sea was driven shoreward in waves fifty feet high; hills and mountains were shattered, and the wildest confusion prevailed. A splendid marble quay had been constructed just before, and crowds of people took refuge upon it; but it sank suddenly, carrying down with it all who were upon it, and the waters engulfed with them boats and ships forever from sight six hundred feet below. A stretch of country equal to four times the size of Europe was affected by this earthquake.

In 1811, at New Madrid, Missouri, occurred an earthquake whose shock extended over three hundred miles in length, from the mouth of the Ohio to the St. Francis, the line of direction being southeasterly. The country is still known as the "sunk country." These shocks continued until the destruction of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and built on the declivity of a mountain, 3,000 feet above sea level, on March 26, 1812. It was a heap of ruins in a moment, and 12,000 people were buried under the ruins.

In 1822, in Chili, an area of 100,000 square miles was permanently thrown up from two to seven feet; in 1692, in Jamaica, a thousand or more acres of land sank in a moment, the capital, Port Royal, with it, and the sea rolled over the sunken land, driving ships over the submerged buildings: and in Java in 1772, a large district fifteen miles by six, sank, including the volcano Papandayang, forty villages and 3,000 people.

No calamity to which mankind is subject is so terrible and disastrous as an earthquake. Property and life are alike at risk, and there is no escaping. Comparatively unheralded, the danger is not avoidable, and but few precautions avail. Unspeakable terror seizes hold of the people, creating a panic.

There are usually premonitions of an earthquake.

1. Atmospheric. The air is usually sultry and sometimes sulphurous and stifling; it appears to have a peculiar electric quality, producing faintness, dizziness, nausea; and even brute animals seem to have an instinct of danger, howling as in terror, and running about wildly, or lying as in stupor. The air is hazy and thick—the sun appears fiery red; the winds are violent, but suddenly sink to dead calms; torrents of rain may fall in unusually dry localities; there is an ominous stillness at times like the hush of death.

2. Audible. Murmurs and rumblings, at first more distant and faint, then nearer and louder; though at times earthquakes occur with a sudden explosive peal and upheaval, like a lightning bolt from a clear sky.

The movements of the earth are sometimes vertical, sometimes horizontal, and sometimes gyratory or circular and spiral; these latter are much the most destructive. The shocks may come singly, or in succession, and at longer or shorter intervals, with varying degrees of violence, there being no known law to guide them.

☞ "But ain't the trousers too long?" Merchant—"Too long? Dey is made to fit a man exactly your size. If your legs happen to be a trifle too short you must quarrel mit Nature—not de tailor."

ROYAL